

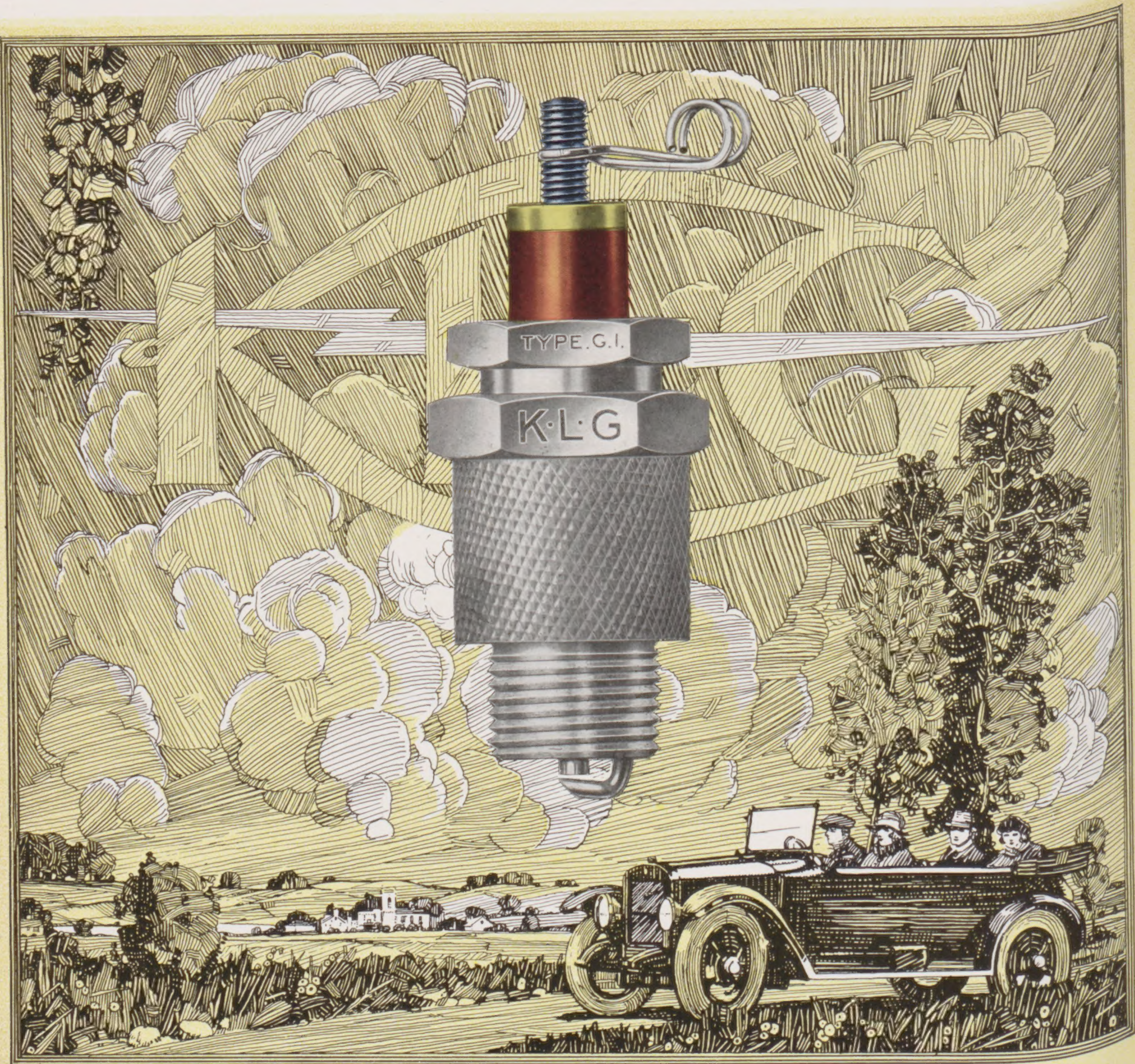
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for December.

1922



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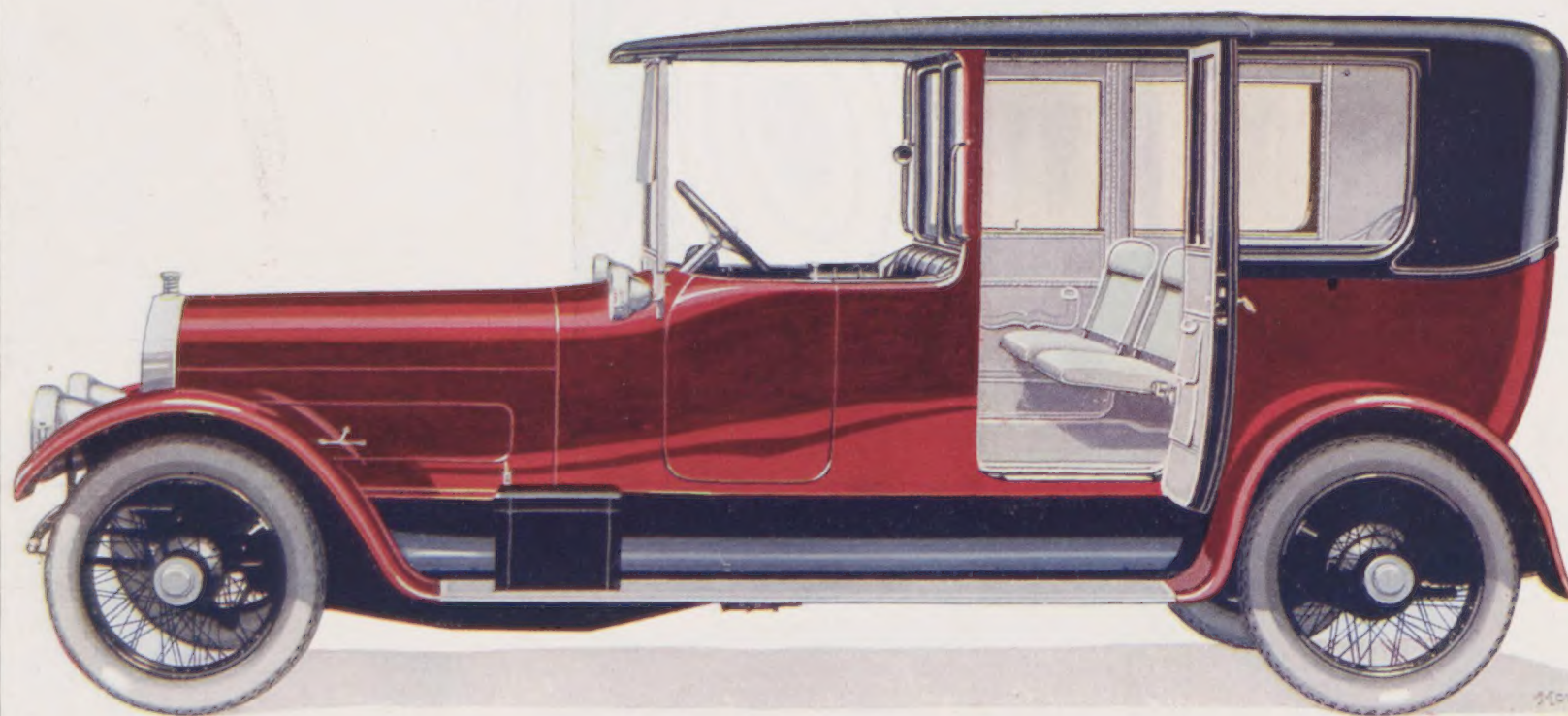
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Single Landaulette	£895
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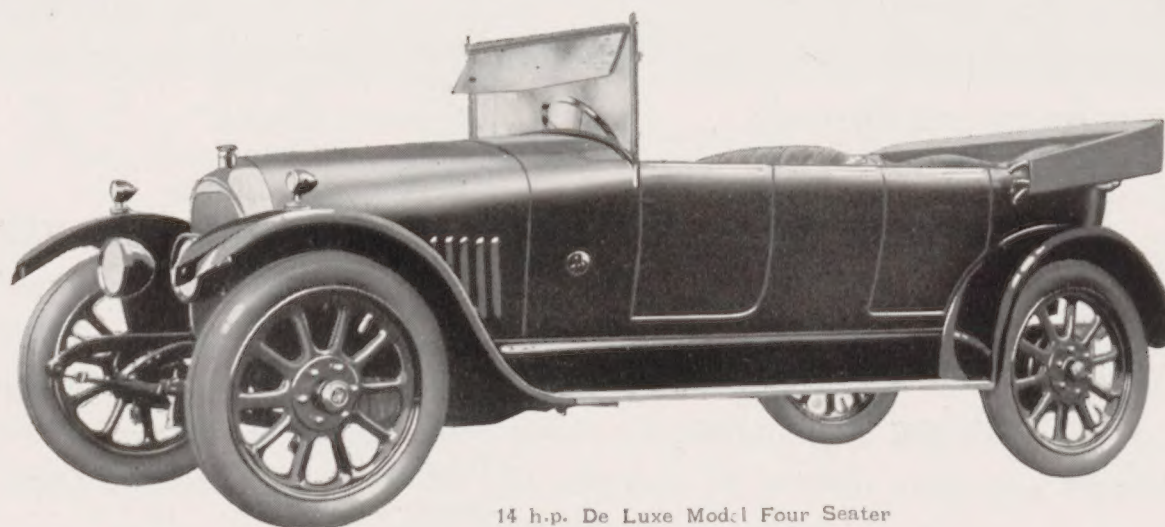
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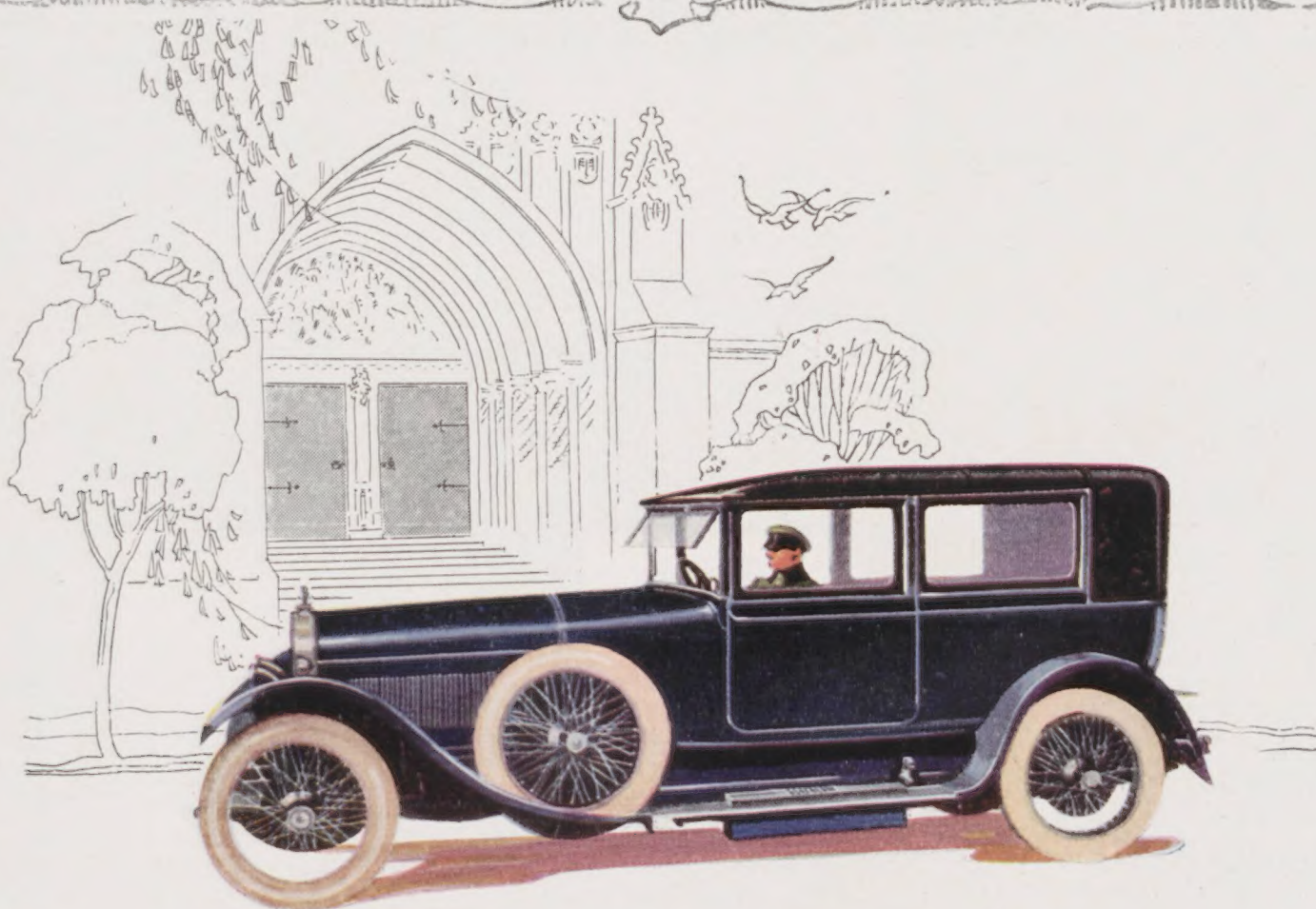
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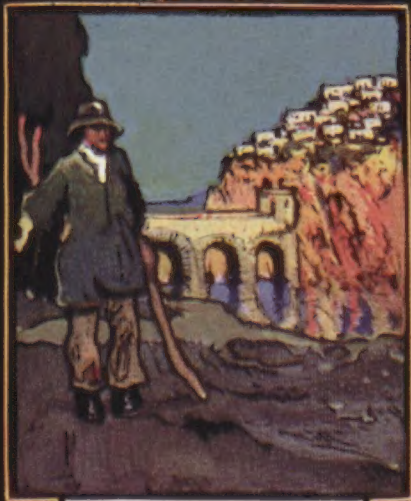
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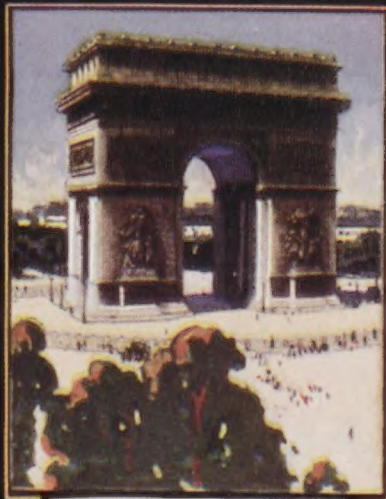
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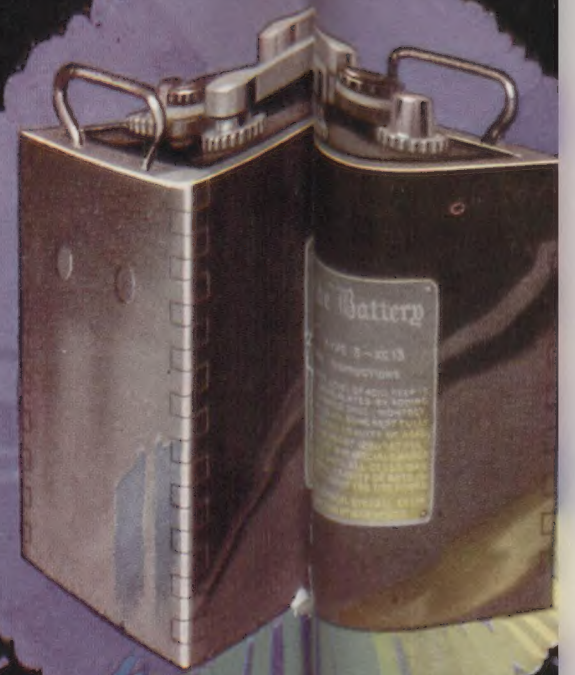
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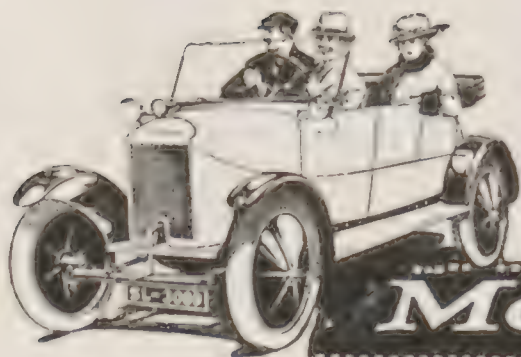
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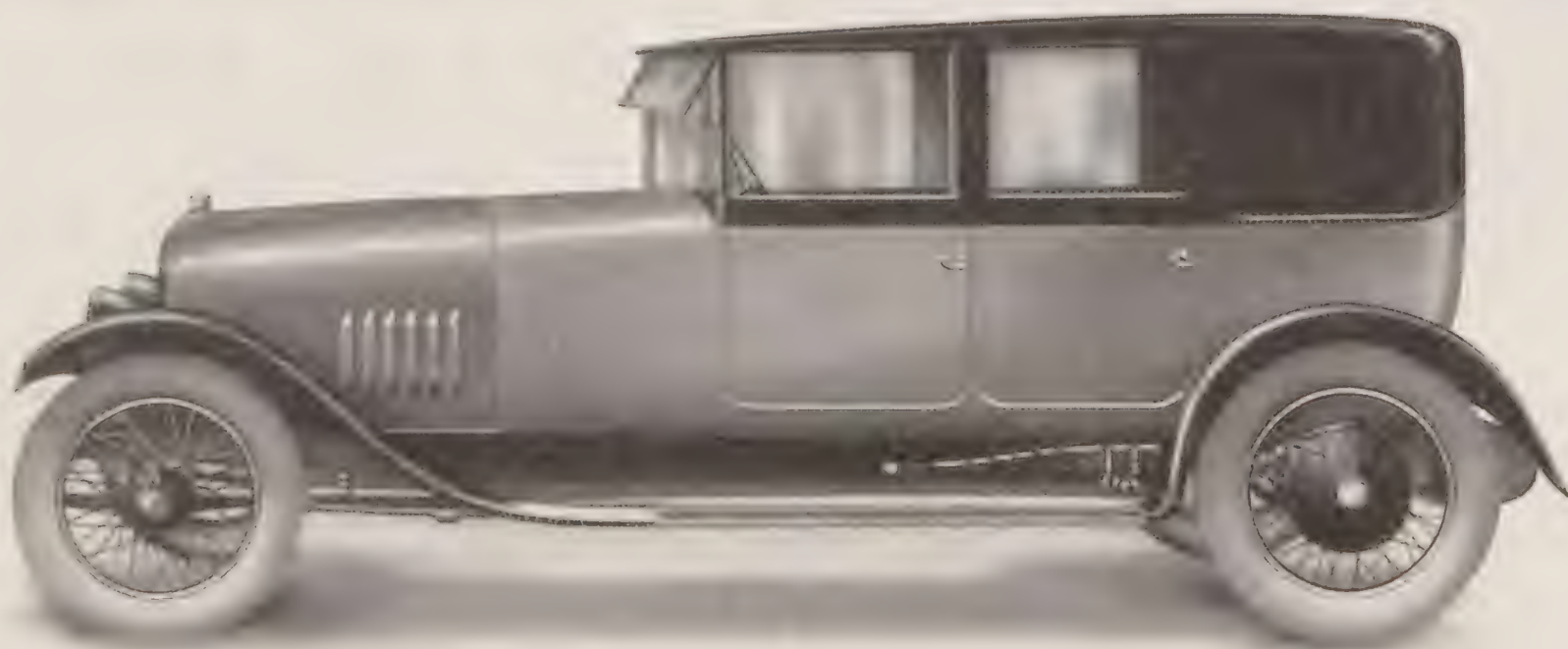
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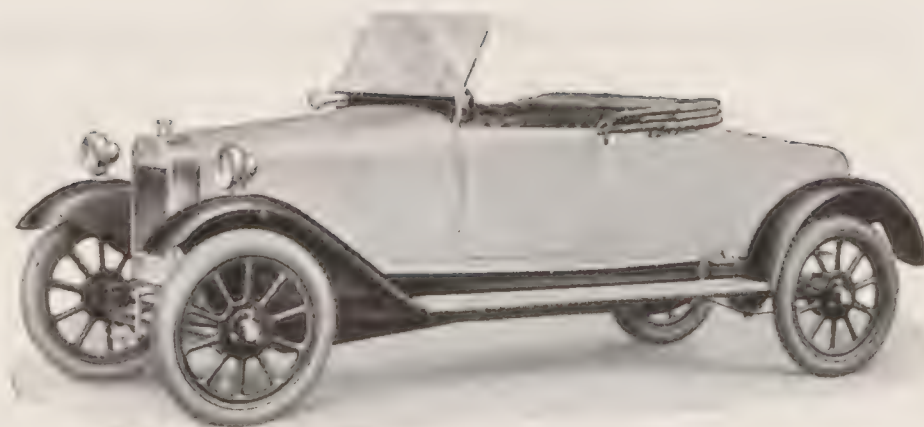
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VOL. IV
NO. 43

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The Editorial and Publishing Offices are at 10, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2.
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The Editor will be pleased to consider contributions of special interest to the car owner, provided they are of high quality and in every way suitable to the magazine. Short illustrated articles are preferred, dealing with any aspect of private motoring, either as regards touring or the home management of the car. First-class snapshots of roadside scenes or incidents are particularly desired. All photographs and sketches should be fully titled on the backs and bear the name and address of the sender.

Contributions should be addressed to the Editor of "The Motor-Owner," 10, Henrietta Street, W.C.2, and should be accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope. While every effort will be made to return them if unsuitable, the Editor cannot hold himself responsible in case of loss or damage.

"THE FIELD KEPT GETTING MORE SELECT,
EACH THICKET SERVED TO THIN IT!"

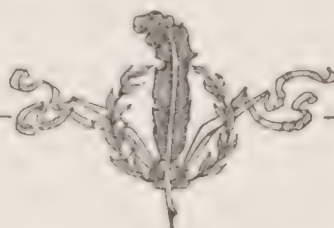


MISS JOY ARBUTHNOT, sketched here on her beautiful mare Meg, is not one of those who fall a victim to Hood's witty couplet quoted above! She is the niece of Mr. Harold Arbuthnot, of Merrist Wood Hall, Worplesdon, and a fearless and accomplished rider to hounds—a modern and charming Diana.

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS AND A PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR!

AFTER DUE REFLECTION.

"The Motor-Owner" considers Passing Events with an Open Mind.



THE formation of the new Government has, in theory, no political interest in a magazine such as this. Yet, however much we may remain non-political, there is a significance of motoring interest in any and every phase of political activity. You see the motorist, as a motorist, and entirely apart from any and every phase of political thought, has still much to look for which needs parliamentary activity and sanction. All this is, as a matter of simple fact, motoring rather than politics. The latter aspect only comes in as it is not practicable to attain our motoring requirements without entering the political arena.

Well, for the coming year we know that we are saddled with the existing taxation scheme, and most of us recognise that the evil for that period is one that could not well have been avoided. But we confidently look to 1923 to sound the death knell of the violently unjust and economically unsound taxation scheme now obtaining. And to the mind parliamentary we now have a much more united front than ever previously, which should certainly prove advantageous.

Then again, although (quite rightly, as we see it), Sir William Joynson Hicks, Bt., M.P., D.L., has thought it desirable to resign his position as Chairman of the A.A. on his appointment as a member of His Majesty's Government, there can be no doubt that he can be very helpful in urging the cause of all reasonably non-controversial motoring matters. If we may so put it, we feel that keen though our loss may be by the resignation of Sir William Joynson Hicks, we hope that the loss may prove an ultimate gain, and we gladly extend to him our sincere congratulations on his appointment. It would seem as though there are reasonable possibilities in the near future of motorists attaining better legislative enactments dealing with the many grievances and difficulties which still obtain. And we look to Sir William to prove a tower of help in that direction. Good luck to him!

"Christmas comes but once a year, and when it comes it brings good cheer." The Editor takes this brief and all too impersonal opportunity of wishing his readers a Happy Christmas and every species of good fortune in the coming year. We look out on it with a more reasoned measure of optimism than has been warrantable for the last few years.

And now to turn briefly to the Bill of Fare provided in this issue of "The Motor Owner." We think you will like Miss Helen McKie's pen impressions of what she saw at the Motor Exhibition. Of course, we are not quite sure whether she really did witness these tit-bits, but as she numbers veracity among her many charms, we must give her the benefit of the doubt. Anyhow, you can form your own conclusions when you come to page 5. Then we offer you, on page 12, an excellent short story by that leading authoress, Mrs. C. N. Williamson. We also give you a little Flotsam and Jetsam of motor-show items as that great function is still well in the mind's eye. Golfing and ladies' fashions are other subjects of wide appeal, and we think you should find the resumé of "Punch" motoring wit quite amusing.



Lt.-Col. Charles Jarrott, O.B.E., the noted pioneer and racing motorist, has been elected the new Chairman of the Automobile Association and Motor Union.

WE regret that on this occasion we are not able to see quite eye to eye with the arguments put forward on the following page in an article by Captain de Normanville. He would have us all believe that never again is it possible to have a slump in the motor industry! It's a most pleasing thought to carry in the back of one's mind over the joyous period of Christmas, but an obvious query remains—Is it all theory? The argument advanced (really it's rather too deep for a Christmas number!) is—apparently—that a motor car is no longer a motor car; it's a statistic! And its status as a statistic is to be calculated in cold mathematics according to its economic financial relationship to the national economic status. We grant that the argument is ingenious, but we fear it is a little too deep.

In a phrase, this is the claim put forward. The motor car is now such an essential factor in modern industrial life that if you give me the national trading turnover (and a piece of paper!) I will calculate for you exactly how many motor cars at so many varying prices will be sold in the course of a year's trading; and I don't care a tinker's cuss about slumps or booms, because never again will there be any in the motor industry! That's the gist of the argument. The motor car in the future is to be a "statistic," the demand for which can be calculated in the same way as statisticians can calculate how many loaves of bread are wanted per annum, and how many gallons of water per year per unit of population.

Well, there it is anyhow, and if on this occasion he taxes our credulity o'er much, we must admit that his prophecies in the past have sometimes proved well founded, notably in a long pre-war campaign for increasing our benzole supply, and thereby our resources for high explosives ready for war, and also in urging the development of the parachute for aeroplane use in war time—ideas then roundly laughed at by all the experts.

ARE WE STARTING A NEW ERA?

By Captain E. de Normanville.

A measure of boldness, almost amounting—if we may say so—to rashness, is indulged by Capt. de Normanville in his prophecy outlined in this article. We deal with the question in our Editorial columns. In the meantime he says there can never be a slump again in the demand for motor-cars.

ONCE again the great Motor Show has become a thing of the past. It came, we saw, and it conquered! And now it is history. But its results are by no means history. It has left us a legacy of good portent for the coming year. It says to those interested in motoring matters, "A Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year." And so far as it is able to give effect to the wish, the success which attended the exhibition is an answer to any query which may be raised on the subject. But all that is symbolical, and the season of the year must be my excuse for indulging in symbolism!

None the less, we have the concrete fact that the outlook at the end of the year on matters motoring is much brighter than it has been at any other period of the year. It is instructive to analyse the situation and ask—Why? To my mind the reason is not far to seek. The whole situation can be summed up in the fact that the seller offered better goods at a lower price, and the possibility of using the said goods on a much more economical basis. In a phrase, motor transport by car was proved to be more economically desirable or even essential. And the result has been a material increase of business.

Now there are certain facts which may be deduced from this state of affairs. It all seems so absolutely simple to look back on, and as a matter of fact it all is quite simple. During the last year or two we have all talked a lot about the slump in industry and particularly in the motor trade. I make so bold as to say "What is a slump?"—and, thank you so much, but I am not looking for any facetious answers! If

I asked you "What is a slump in the supply of loaves of bread?" you would find it difficult to answer. Yet, extraordinary though it be, there are—or have been—such things as slumps in the supply of bread. But I want to ask you whether the word "slump" is the correct expression? I admit that it is an expression which adequately conveys a good general impression of what is intended. But I submit that it is not technically correct.

When there is a slump in the sale of bread, it means that the scales of economic balance between desire to purchase and ability to do so are temporarily upset. It does not mean that people have ceased to want bread. It means that a proportion of them are not at the moment able to satisfy their desires so fully as in normal circumstances.

It is my argument that a state of affairs very similar to this now obtains in regard to the purchase and sale of motor-cars. Obviously, a measure of due proportion is intended to be read into that statement. But there

can be neither "slump" nor reduced demand for motor-cars any more—as individual entities. In its own sphere the need for a motor-car is nowadays as insistent as the need for bread in more homely directions. If there is substantially no demand (it will be called a slump) it will simply mean that the economic factors governing the then existing situation are all out of balance. Naturally the varying number of sales will be largely governed by the varying economic factors.

It is my point that motoring to-day, and the constant demand for motor-cars, is a definitely settled factor in the laws of supply and demand as applied to any civilised country. A population of 45,000,000 people, carefully annotated in varying phases of commercial and financial activity, means a number of new motor vehicles wanted per annum, of a very economic relationship.

The prices of cars are now down to an economic relationship by comparison with the national economic status. If the national status improves, and the prices of cars remain the same—sales will increase. If the national status remains the same and the prices of cars reduce—again sales will go up.

There neither is nor ever again can be a slump in motor-cars, unless the existing economic factors are upset. There must be an ever-present steady demand—and with the necessary time and data I would work it out on paper for every car price classification within about a five per cent. error. Motor slumps are finished with. The motor-car, now that it is produced at an economically practicable figure, is henceforward a statistic—no more, no less!



"Yes, he's one of our best amateurs—been fencing for ten years." Joyce. "What? Fencing for ten years—and still an amateur!"

THE "HIGHER" PURCHASE SYSTEM.

SCENES I SAW AT THE SHOW (BY HELEN McKIE).



GOLDEN HOURS SILVER LINED.



THE Hon. Mrs. St. Aubyn with her children, Jessica, John and Piers. Mrs. St. Aubyn is Lord Carnock's only daughter, and she married, in 1916, Mr. Francis Cecil St. Aubyn, grandson of 1st Baron St. Levan. The photograph was taken at Edgewood, Weybridge, by Miss Compton Collier.

IN THE SUNSHINE OF SHADOWLESS DAYS.



LADY Burke with her little daughter and stepson, Thomas Stanley. Lady Burke is the daughter of Mr. E. Christie, of 84, Sloane Street, S.W., and she married Capt. Sir Gerald Burke, Bt., as his second wife, in 1920. The photograph was taken at Rupert Place, Henley-on-Thames, by Miss Compton Collier.

SOME THOUGHTS ON SYNCOPATED SILLINESS.

By P. A. Barron.

The dances of to-day are frequently held up to criticism—usually by a critic unversed in the subject under critique. But there is much to say on the other side of the question—and much to enjoy, especially at this festive season.

THE recent introduction of ball-room dances with such names as the Llama Leap, the Cocktail Caper, and the Panther Prowl, reminds me that a review of British sports and pastimes would not be complete without an essay upon the most popular athletic exercises of to-day—or rather of to-night.

Dancing is the one pastime that is never out of fashion. It has been the delight of all ages. By rhythmical movements people from prehistoric times have expressed their emotions or performed their devotions. To some dancing has been a religious ceremonial, to others the means of arousing warlike frenzy, and to some the natural expression of joy. The cannibals who danced while their recent enemies' hearts were being rendered tender by heat treatment, the happy darkie before he was depressed by the responsibilities of freedom in the land of Liberty, and even the Vestal Virgins of ancient times, wrongly described by the schoolboy as "prehistoric maidens who only wore vests," were all following the human desire to express joy or reverence by the poetry, not of words but of motion.

Dancing must, therefore, be regarded as one of the oldest of the arts. It is older than our civilisation, and possibly the manner in which it is regarded may be considered an index to the state of culture attained by different peoples through the ages. We who live in the epoch of the Rattlesnake Reel and the Tadpole Tango, will be classified by future historians as folk who bore our troubles gladly, who danced and laughed through periods of war, revolution and crushing taxation, and whose spirits seemed to become lighter as our burdens became heavier.

Far worse things might be said about us. Those people who work hardest and who face their troubles most bravely are ever the ones to show vitality and gaiety in their playtime. Gloom is not a sign of virtue but of cowardice. People who can laugh,

who could joke in sodden trenches, who can play vigorously, and dance light-heartedly, are good material out of which to reconstruct a world.

In recent times it has been the fashion to deride modern dancing. Some of our doleful deacons and most mournful moralists must have added considerably to their incomes by writing articles in which they condemn what they term "syncopated silliness." They have told us that the modern girl is everything that is bad, and that every day in every way our young men are becoming worser and worser. They sigh for the "decorous dances" of former times, and talk of the modern degeneration of morals because, forsooth, our toes beat time to sprightlier measures.

Avast with such nonsense! Our surly critics know nothing about our young men who matter, and our maidens who matter more. If the sight of a roomful of happy faced girls and mufti-clad heroes, who may some day have homes, is distasteful to a certain class of kill-joy persons, the fault is with the misanthropic moralists who merely remind us of the witty truism that to the professedly pure all things are impure.

I am sure there are many people to-day who think that all dancing should be suppressed by Act of Parliament, and that everything else which youth enjoys should be banned. If I wished to please these people, I should mock at modern dancing and say that the young women of to-day have no dignity compared with their great-grandmothers, who were occasionally allowed to step a minuet under the watchful eyes of chaperones who, if we may believe the writers of the time, made the discussion of scandals their chief hobby. I should say that every girl should have a chaperone, and every young man two, and that the guardianship ought not to be relaxed after marriage. Dance frocks should be censored, and only the hideous styles of former periods should be worn. All exhilarating music should

be stilled for ever, and all our songs should be re-written except those which turned our thoughts to death. Youth should sing:—

"We've no use for happiness,
We keep our spirits down,
We take out all the troubles from
our old kit bag,
And frown, frown, frown."

But the fact is that I do not want to please those people. I don't like them. If I could think of any course of conduct which would pain them more than that which I now follow, I should take that course. People who are always finding fault with the high-spirited young people of to-day inspire me with feelings of perversity. They cause me to understand the young man who had been lectured by a censorious father who objected to cigarettes, wine, dancing, novels, golf, betting, boxing, football, and silk socks.

Poor boy! He rushed from the shelter of the parental roof, and presently saw in a shop window a placard which announced: "A Large Stock of New Vices Within."

He dashed into the emporium of iniquitous novelties, only to find that the much-advertised vices were mere tools for plumbers and other uninteresting artisans. He has our heartfelt sympathy. But think what might have happened if in his moment of desperation and revolt he had been able to acquire new and reprehensible habits.

The people who describe the joyous dances of to-day as indecorous, immodest and undignified romps, are very fond of comparing modern manners with those of former times. They forget that some of us read, and are fully aware that the "good old times" of which they prate were very bad indeed.

Many years ago I read a story called "The Old Fogey," written by Max Adeler. It was a tale of an ancient man who had outlived his time. Every day he found fault with the present in which he lived, and longed for the return of the pleasant past.

But one night, after a particularly

ON WITH THE DANCE, LET JOY BE UNCONFINED.

fierce denunciation of the modern world, he dreamed that he had returned to the days of his youth, and, with the eyes of ripe experience, he viewed the world as it was then.

He was horrified. People he had once loved seemed coarse, gross, uncultured. Towns were mean and dirty; life was unrefined. There were few pleasures except those of over-eating and excessive drinking; manners struck him as being extremely bad, and the attire of the womenfolk extraordinarily immodest. Conversation, when not coarse, merely displayed boundless ignorance.

He woke a reformed character.

I have always loved that story, as I love the delicious satire of Don Quixote, and the more recent burlesque of a sordid and vicious age—falsely called "heroic"—drawn by the masterly pen of Mark Twain, and entitled, "A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur."

I have often wished that Sir James Barrie, who believes in youth, and who has the genius for the task, would give us a new play showing in sharp contrast the present age with former times. He should transport an old-fashioned mocker of to-day's customs into a previous period, and the result would be interesting.

Can you imagine the man who finds fault with the intelligent, athletic and healthy-minded girl of to-day trying to converse with an empty-headed, patched and powdered imbecility of the times when education and healthful recreation were regarded as unwomanly? Think of the contrast between the period when a pert-tongued orange girl could rule a realm through a weak king and the present in which sane, enfranchised women hold greater power.

And think of the men our modern "old fogey" would meet if

he could be sent back to former times. Our modern young men are criticised, but let them be compared with the brainless, hard-drinking, gambling and roystering dandies of another age. All the advantages are with the youth of to-day. He does not wear the bravery of satins and brocades, but he has shown quite recently that it is in his heart.

I should love to see the contrast, drawn by the hand of a master, between the cleanly bred public school-boy who won a few decorations in the trenches, and is a very gallant knight in our ball-rooms to-day, and his prototype who preened his lace ruffles and regarded the serious study of any profession ungentlemanly.

I do wish that Sir James Barrie would draw the comparison. It would do us all so much good.

You will be thinking that I have drifted a long way from the discussion of modern ball-room dancing, but in reality I have not. The violent dances of to-day are a healthful sign of our vitality. The mildewed cynic who sees evil in the exuberant "romping" which has taken the place of the "stately minuet" and the "graceful gavotte" is himself evil.

Happy romping is infinitely more healthful than the languishing, posturing sentimentality of an age that was falsely supposed to be modest, because it was so supremely conscious of having much to hide.

I cannot deride modern dancing or modern woman. My thoughts go back to a few years ago in the darkest days of the war. I remember young men on leave "romping" with girls with bobbed hair, and faces rouged, not with a filthy preparation of oxide of iron, but by sun and wind. These were not the ones who derided the new dances which have filled our ballrooms. And the critics who find fault with the young women of to-day were not the ones who helped to win the war.

The young folk still romp happily to syn-copated time. I like them better than I should have liked those self-conscious, chaperoned and affected ancestors who seem to have regarded men and women as inhabitants of different worlds.

I do not care what we call our modern dances. To-morrow we may be learning the Cobra Contortion, or the Walrus Waddle, but so long as new dances bring the bright, healthy and happy girl of to-day into the society of the young man who regards her as a good friend, a fellow worker in the world, and a pleasant playmate, I think we may laugh at the cynics. So—on with the Dance!



He: "I was afraid you didn't like my dancing."
She: "Oh, I would much rather dance with you myself than have you bump into me all the evening."

MY DEAR UNCLE.

With his pen running on the highest grade ball bearings, Mr. Owen John Llewellyn here discourses in facile manner on many matters pertinent to automobilism—and some others which are not—a go-as-you-please medley of impressions on current topics.

MY DEAR UNCLE,—
You were wise to give the Show a miss for such an excellent reason. When I thought of you knocking down those Devonshire high birds, crashing them down off the top on to the coombe below, mixing your pheasants with the woodcock that seem to have made a non-stop run to the West from Finland, or wherever it is they spend the summer—candidly, I envied you as I pushed and jostled my way round and round pestiferous Olympia or wearied myself in marching about the White City. Curiously enough, in this latter case one man's poison was another man's meat, for the very firms who were grumbling beforehand at being left out in the cold there suddenly woke up to the fact that they were really in the true motorist's Mecca, and that they were getting most of the real inspection by experts instead of being under pebbles on the Olympian beach. Whether or not the money was there to the same degree only their order-books can tell me; but as I heard few grumbles where I looked for nothing else, I guess that even a place in the sun next year—to wit, in what Stormy Petrol II has called the "Baby Elephant"—may not prove the gain that was anticipated.

Most modern motorists are new motorists in that, experts as they may now have become as car-owners for a decade, they did not belong to it at its beginning, or even long after the R.A.C. moved from Piccadilly to Pall Mall, to say nothing of the joyous days of its pioneering youth in Whitehall Court. The Early Birds dine together at Covent Garden on the eighth of this month to celebrate their twenty-fifth anniversary. Good luck to the Club and them! They have much to be proud of, and THE MOTOR-OWNER'S congratulations are as hearty as will be those of every individual who reads it.

By the way, the great Joynson Hicks, the long-established chairman of

the other—to whom also be congratulations on his temporary step *en route* to higher spheres—has, perforce, vacated his Automobile Association post of honour, and people were wondering very much how it could be filled. I know "the Immortals" well, the committee that sits year after year watching its own financial success, and jolly good men they are. But as I failed to see amid their number an equivalent successor, Uncle of mine, what a chance arose for a healing of the breach between the two rival camps that has "damned"—there is no other word for it—the organisation of British automobilism, both in attack and defence, for so many years; that has kept thousands—almost millions—from seeing any necessity to join either, and that still causes automobilism to be the plaything of any and all parties that may happen to rule the roast. It is an odd and a stupid feud, the property of a tiny fraction of both: one strong man would put the matter right in ten minutes to the satisfaction of every motor-owner and to the annoyance only of some four or five individuals. Enough said, perhaps, just now; but the persistent ignoring of facts is a most damnable silly thing always, isn't it? The times are coming to heal sores, not to create new and widen existing ones, and to my mind we want one automobile union or none at all. Motoring will abide long after all of its apostles have gone aloft or elsewhere.

I wonder how this "dimming or dipping or damning" of big headlamps at this dismal period of the year affects you down home. Not much, I'll warrant; for in the bosom of the red countryside, as distinct from the suburbs and the roads just round towns, what you need, and what you see you get, is all the light possible in order not only to gratify your own needs, but also to save other people's lives. Who it was that said it was better to be dazzled for a few seconds than to be dead for the rest of your life I forget, but it is very true; and

if ever we motorists find ourselves compelled to grope along in the half-dark at the imminent and certain risk of running over cycles and pedestrians and perambulators and drunken men, we shall be much more unpopular as manslaughterers than ever we were as mere pyrotechnists. Besides, good headlamps are very fascinating things to behold; mind you, I don't say that even yet there may not be alterations in lighting that will not be quite so annoying to other road users as at present, and that yet will suffice for our fullest needs; for one only has to cast back memory for a dozen years to note how road lighting by car has improved. My first headlamp (1903, it was), when it went, lit up a whole street and the houses on both sides of it; the newest ones stab the gloom with their beams only where it is absolutely necessary, and cyclists at the side of a wide road very often are not incommoded in the least. I am a cyclist very often, but I sport a red reflector on the back of my machine. It is better than any lamp, because it can never go out; but, honestly, it would take a park policeman to swear whether or not it had a light inside it when any other form of illuminant is anywhere near. You'd be surprised; indeed I am seriously thinking of fitting one to my car as a *dernier ressort*; two in front, close to the sidelamps, would also be a standby in the unlikely event of one's electrics suddenly ceasing to function. Such things have happened, and will happen again now that a certain Yankee form of simplified all-round ignition is coming into fashion. I make no charge for this suggestion. Some people make fortunes out of my ideas, but I never think of protecting them till much too late. I am merely a public benefactor. Do not, therefore, dear Uncle, be afraid; in some things common sense can never be over-ruled, even by popular vote, which is now being described by the losers as the mere representation of the largest minority.

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS—DON'T MINCE PIETY WITH MINCE-PIETY!

Which reminds me—here I go again at my largest fault!—that almost everybody in his secret heart is very much rejoiced at the result of the late election. Politics apart, we want rest, and we want it so badly. Labour will benefit more than any other party, for labour, or employment, is bred best by settled conditions; nothing can be worse for it than never knowing what the day will bring forth. My scheme for doing away with the undoubted amount of unemployment in the motor trade is to stuff a *quid pro quo* duty on imported articles and to devote the money gained to relieving the particular districts concerned. But it has drawbacks. Some people might want to know why only the automobile industry should be thus favoured, and they would not accept my reason that it is going to be the biggest one of all.

I went recently to the Boat Show, to see what new things are happening in that world apart. I want a sailing dinghy for that little place on the river that I flee to in the summer; and some day I want a motor launch, though if the tax comes on to petrol again I shall be finding myself paying through my petrol for roads I am not using.

By the way, I had a long talk with a big petrol magnate a few weeks ago by his special request. He tells me his firm, and all the big oil companies, are not against the return to the tax on petrol, because they realize how the present silly, ridiculous h.p. tax acts in restraint of trade and practically puts out of action innumerable old, heavy out-of-date closed cars that have done their duty, and are still quite capable of doing it again. Also, how it absolutely stops the sale of cars, except at certain particular times of the year, and generally acts just as if the main idea of the Chancellor of the Exchequer was to do as much harm to motor-ing, and to all who live by it, as is possible. Let us hope and pray that Mr. Baldwin will get the length of the boots of some of his ancient officials very quickly: their life is a belittling one, and they cannot be expected to know every-

thing that goes on outside their own particular grooves.

To return to my petrol magnate. I was delighted to hear his views, but I confess I was shocked when he went on to qualify them, however, by the assertion that a petrol tax was morally impossible. He said that, fix the quality of motor fuel as you like, above which figure all was taxable petrol and below which was untaxed lamp oil, and yet the law could be done in—or, rather, evaded—by the craft and subtility (or is it “subtleness”?) of the trade. I ventured to remark that we had an enormous army of inspectors of all kinds to see the revenue was not defrauded; but he shook his leonine head; and I gather that in his opinion on this matter it is just as easy to drive a car and forty horsepower as ever it was a coach and four horses through any and every Act of Parliament as far as the business side of it is concerned.

Note, *mon oncle*, that I have hardly said one word about the Show, in

spite of my best intentions and your having abstained from visiting it for reasons that could not have been bettered. I have, however a special lot of impressions that deal with it more generally, and if you want to know my sentiments, here they are, all hot, written while the Exhibition was yet open, impressions not in the least technical or even didactical. I think, also, that they present some new points of view—which is not altogether usual. These you may digest at your leisure; the lessons they convey will keep.

But just a word may be whispered, O Uncle Mine, about the improved conditions in the industry which are already beginning to be felt as a result of the Motor Show. Do you not think that the reason is to be found in the remarkable improvement in the value for money basis which the manufacturer is now able to offer? Just between our two little selves, I think that has a lot to do with it. You see everybody wants to motor these days.

There is none of your hobby or enthusiast business about it in these days of enlightenment. There is no longer any converting to do. All the converting that is wanted is the necessary cash to convert desire into possession (I'm still speaking of motor-cars!) so that the price of the job is the one and all-important factor. And as I have told you before, prices are really down now to wonderful values. And thereby hangs a tale! Already in mine wanderings here, there, elsewhere and to other places, I hear gratifying facts and rumours as to improving trade conditions in our industry. I was up North (no, not Scotland, unfortunately!) last week where a leading manufacturer told me he had just taken on 500 extra hands.

Goodbye till Christmas; and you can keep guessing what latest thing in cars I shall bring down to surprise you. Hope you have no prejudices against cheap cartridges this year. I can get what I want at 14s. 6d., and I don't know how people still stand being robbed by having to pay more.

Your affectionate nephew,
CHARLES.



AS its name implies, the 12 h.p. Hornsted car is sponsored by Capt. L. G. Hornsted, the famous racing driver. The original model, produced some three years ago, has been exhaustively tested on road and track and the design gradually improved. Briefly, the specification of the engine is:—12 h.p. 4-cylinders, with bore and stroke of 70 mm. by 100 mm., and the price of the four-seater model, completely equipped, is £325.

FEATURING DAVE BENTON, SISTER SUZE, AND LADY LANE.

THE MOUNTAIN PASS.

By Mrs. C. N. Williamson.

*The motor car has figured in many real and fiction romances.
It plays a not unimportant rôle in this fascinating
little story from the gifted pen of a famous authoress.*

SHE was very attractive—too attractive. And it was not the kind of attractiveness that the Puritan side of Dave Benton approved. It was his Pagan side that threatened to fall in love with her; and he realised that, unless he kept out of the woman's way, there must result a pitched battle between these two sides of his nature.

"I think she's charming," said his sister. "I don't see why you are so horrid to her!"

"I'm nothing of the sort," Benton defended himself. "Do you call it 'horrid' not to want to take her in my car to Lake Louise?"

"You *do* want to take her!" smiled Suze. "It's only that you don't *want* to want to!"

Dave shrugged his shoulders. "What if that is it? Are you anxious to have the fair Rosita for a sister-in-law?"

Suze laughed. "You *are* giving yourself away, old thing! Are you bound to propose to the lovely lady if you motor her from Banff to Lake Louise?"

"We-ell! I suppose it wouldn't be very gallant to say it won't be her fault if I don't."

Suze laughed again, and Dave with her, but shamefacedly. He ought not to have clothed that thought in words, but the silent drama of the last few weeks had had Suze as an interested and sympathetic—too sympathetic!—spectator. She knew all there was to know: which was this:—

Dave Benton was one of the "great matches" of the North-west, the natural prey of husband-hunting women and flappers. He had immense oil and coal interests in the country, and he and his twin sister Suzanne (they were twenty-eight years old and Canadian born) generally spent their summers and occasionally their winters in the mountain paradise of Banff. Dave adored Banff as one of the beauty spots of the world. He knew each noble mountain by heart. For him Niagara Falls "wasn't in it"

for sheer beauty with Banff's cascade of emerald and pearl: no cure resort of Europe "had anything on" the jade-green sulphur waters of Banff. Therefore he had built a bungalow—a glorified loghouse with electric lamps, and a bath for each bedroom—on the edge of a wooded height above the surging torrent. Just at the moment an addition of a library and billiard-room was in progress, and the brother and sister had moved to the Springs Hotel. Thus a grand opportunity was afforded to millionaire seekers. The Banff Springs Hotel is always full in summer, but this had been a record season up to the end, and if no one else suspected why, Suze had suspicions. She was shrewd, and her sense of humour was almost too acute. So was Dave's, but his lay in abeyance at the moment. He was trying too hard not to be in love, to keep his sense of humour dry.

Benton had a painful idea, which Suze painlessly shared, that Lady Lane had travelled from England to Banff with the definite object of "vamping" him. He didn't approve of a woman who would do anything like that. Besides, she was a war widow, a typical one. She was capable (Dave thought) of having married Sir Wilton Lane for his "tuppenny title," and of intending to marry him—Benton—for his money. If she got him, she would doubtless desire to have her cake and eat it too: in other words, continue to be called "Lady Lane" in that snobby fashion some Englishwomen affect—"Mr. Benton and Lady Lane." Not for him! He wasn't taking any.

"But, if she's fallen in love with you?" Suze suggested; for Suze worshipped beauty with gladness as Dave worshipped with reluctance; and Rosita Lane was very beautiful.

Dave couldn't somehow imagine a woman falling in love with a big "husky chap of his sort," especially a gossamer creature like Lady Lane—willow-slim, poetically dressed (though she hadn't "tuppence," she confessed),

daintily powdered; red lips and red hair touched up a little perhaps; and long dark lashes almost too good to be true.

Rosita knew that Dave was motoring to Lake Louise, and when Suze had told her he was going there to meet a cousin, on her way East—a girl whom he hadn't seen for years. The cousin didn't *sound* exciting to Rosita, because she was coming home after "missionary work" in China: still, you never knew! And Benton *had* that annoying Puritan side, where women were concerned. They danced together, Rosita and he, danced the season out. He'd beheld her in a Deauville bathing dress, swimming in the warm green pool; still, he hadn't proposed; and this motor drive alone with him through the mountain pass which people praised as glorious, might be her last chance.

Evidently Suze wanted Lady Lane to have that chance (Suze and the cousin had quarrelled as children). "Why not take her and test yourself, old thing?" she tempted her already sore-tempted twin.

Dave thought for a minute. He wanted to run this exciting risk. Yet he hated to change his mind, which had practically been made up against the adventure. But suddenly came an inspiration—a wild and wonderful inspiration! It was so wonderful, and especially so wild, that it made him laugh out aloud. "Why not *test her*?" he amended.

"What are you up to?" Suze was curious to know.

"You won't give me away to her if I tell?"

"Rather not."

"Across your heart?"

"Across my heart or any other organ."

"Well, then—but to save time and breath I'll let you see some telegrams I'm going to write."

When Suze saw them, she regretted the cast-iron quality of her promise. She couldn't go back on it. She could only . . . What *was* that saying

HAVE YOU A CLUE TO THE PLOT YET?

about "a word to the wise?" But could Rosita be called "wise?"

* * *

"You still wish to run over for a look at Lake Louise in my car next Wednesday?" Dave asked Lady Lane at the farewell ball of the season that night, after a dance—which happened to be "Destiny."

"I wish it very much," she replied. "I think it would be—heavenly."

"I assure you it would be more 'heavenly' in the train, or the motor-bus—only the bus stops running next week. You see, I'm not taking my new Packard. She's—er—being repainted. I'm using a little old Lord: no protection in case of snow or rain (this time of year there may be either or both!) except a hood—a worse-for-wear hood."

"Glad you mentioned it. I'll make myself storm-proof. Then it will be all right," said Rosita coolly.

Dave looked hard at her. He hoped that it *would* rain. He hoped that her complexion and eyelashes would come off and mingle together. That ought to free him from his slavery!

"Very well, in that case I'll take you," agreed Benton. "But if anything happens, your blood will be on your own head. This is the end of the season, and that stretch of mountain road from here to Lake Louise—forty-eight miles—will be at its wildest."

"I shall love the wildness," cooed Rosita. She wouldn't ask what he meant, because he desired her to ask, and because he was probably taking a "rise" out of her. But she wondered a little, and feeling instinctively that Suze was a friend, later she turned to Miss Benton.

"What kind of 'wildness' does the mountain pass from here to Lake Louise have in cold weather that it doesn't have in warm?" she enquired.

"Well," replied Suze, with a queer laugh, "it begins to be *lonely* when the motor buses stop and the tourists go home. Not many things to meet along the way—*civilised* things."

"Shall we meet—er—uncivilised things? Oh, but what a *silly* question! Of course we won't—in the year of grace 1922."

"My brother's a bit medieval, not to say feudal, in some ways," said Suze. "With him, dates don't matter. Even in 1922 he's liable to meet *anything*."

"You quite frighten me!" laughed Lady Lane.

Suze flashed her a look. "Whatever you do—whatever happens—*don't* be frightened," she advised. "That's my tip—my one and only tip."

Rosita thanked her—and became thoughtful. "What's up?" she pondered. Something was, that was evident. She braced herself against the Unknown.

Lady Lane's conception of sports-clothes had, so far, been like her bathing costume, more suggestive of French than Canadian watering places but on this late September Wednesday she wore pale blue-green tweeds with a long cape to match, and a soft hat the hue of a robin's egg. Dainty, as usual, yet suitable. Benton had to admit so much to himself.

Deliberately, he started without a rug. Rosita must have noticed the omission, as the hour was early and the morning cold. But she uttered no protest. The cheap little car (which, if Lady Lane had known, was used for luggage, or by the servants as a general thing), slipped away as if ashamed, from the gorgeous super-Swiss hotel, down the lovely road to the gay-looking town of Banff, past the headquarters of the romantic Mounted Police, past the Canadian Pacific station with its rose-garden set in

lawns, and started for the gateway between mountains where the road leads to the loveliness of Lake Louise. Overhead the late September sky was grey, grey as the Rockies, the peaks and pinnacles of which needed sunshine to bring out inherent tints of rose and mauve and gold. There was a nipping wind, too, blowing through the pass where the wondrous River Bow wanders down from far ice-fields to the still farther Hudson's Bay.

Steeling his heart, Benton glanced at his companion. Her face powder ought to be off by this time, and her nose beginning to turn red. Perhaps the powder was off; but cheeks, not nose, had reddened. Rosita's little nose had taken on only the most delicate pink, which made her small face pathetic, not plain.

"Perhaps I ought to have brought a rug," remarked Dave, casually. "But it's too late to think of that now. Are you very cold?"

Not a whine out of her! She wasn't even plaintive. "Not a bit cold," was the cheerful reply. "This cape is lined with squirrel. 'Tisn't paid for yet! However, that's a detail."

There was no answer to that, unless the man chose to make a proposal which would mean *his* paying for the cape in the end. He could not help admiring the cheeky little devil who dared in spite of all to be frank about herself in that soft, sweet drawl of hers. But the test had only just begun. This was nothing to what would come!

The road began to be of glorious beauty, and even in surface it was a good road, over which the superb Packard would have glided as upon velvet. But purposely Benton charged full speed ahead over any slight unevenness likely to produce bumps. The light figure at his side bounced about like a very small nut in a very large shell. Dave knew how much Rosita loved luxury and comfort, yet she wore a Spartan smile, chattily comparing the scenery with beauty spots of other lands that she knew well. "It's as adorable as the Upper Corniche between Monte and Nice, almost as grim as the



The cheap little car slipped away, as if ashamed, from the gorgeous super Swiss hotel.

Grimsel—romantic as the Pass of Glencoe," she gasped between those unnecessary jolts that Dave's discipline was inflicting. He hadn't seen those foreign splendours; he'd been too busy becoming a millionaire to leave his own country except for the war; however, the vast splendour of his own Canada was enough for him, and he wasn't dazzled by Rosita's experience. Nevertheless he was a bit impressed in spite of himself, by the pluck of this world-flitting butterfly.

The Pass belonged to them. There was no sound save the song of the Bow, the high sharp notes of the wind that played on the musical trunks of tall trees as upon taut strings, and the chug, chug of the little Lord. There was no sign of life save their own, and now and then the small fellowship of a squirrel out for winter nuts. The gorge drank shadow; the pine-perfumed air chilled; and though purple asters and the flame of frosted firewood splashed the rocks with colour, many mountains along the way had started their own small, private snowstorms. Rocks like leaning towers or high chimneys of ruined castles were half veiled in what looked like swirling white smoke. Mountains far ahead grouped nobly to the eye for an instant, then were almost lost to sight behind delicate drapery of fleecy fineness. From vast, solid shapes of dark rock they became ghost-mountains, and each opening vista was blue with the sad, soft blue of dead violets.

"Don't you feel the loneliness," asked Benton, just after he had almost mechanically sounded his horn at the imposing entrance to Johnson's Canyon.

"Not with *you*," Rosita replied.

He dropped the subject. It was safer. But it was as if the hoot of the horn, or the following question had been a cue for the strangest actors that ever made an entrance on any stage. Out of the depths of the Canyon, right in front of the car marched two enormous bears. They saw the car, and their grim profiles became full faces. They stopped dead, and perforce—it seemed—the car had to stop too. A small Lord can't run over two challenging grislies.

Benton expected a shriek from Rosita; or perhaps she would prefer to faint. "Don't show fear!" he exclaimed hastily. "It's our one hope. We—"

But to his amazement Rosita was getting out her camera. "Close-up

of two bears in native fastness!" she chuckled. "They have such nice faces I'm sure they won't hurt us. I've always had a theory that if you begin by being kind to animals, they—oh, I know! We'll throw them something to eat—"

"We will not!" Dave broke in with haste. "I suppose I might take a chance and try to scare them with the horn."

He made the experiment, and it worked like magic. At the horrid shriek of the Klaxon, so much more appalling than any effort of their own voices, the bear couple lumbered off the road and back into the canyon. In an instant the car had bounded past the mysterious-looking entrance.

"Too bad!" grumbled Benton. "I had thought of suggesting a stroll up Johnson's Canyon. It's jolly fine. Good thing, though, we didn't start. If we'd been on foot when we met those brutes—"

"Yes, it might have been a bad moment," Rosita agreed. "But now we have met them, the shock's over. Surely those sweet faced pets wouldn't hurt a fly, if the fly let them alone? Do run back, and you take me into the Canyon to call on the bears—socially! If I wouldn't be afraid with you, I suppose you won't be afraid with *me*?"

But Dave ran the car on, instead of back. "Weather's wrong for seeing the Canyon," he explained. "Besides, we've had a lucky escape. I don't believe in tempting Providence."

"Whoever invented that expression had little faith in Providence," said Rosita. "For me, the next best to bearding a lion in his den is to beard a bear! By the by, is there a chance of our meeting a lion—one of those mountain ones like exaggerated cats I've seen in pictures?"

"A *much* exaggerated cat!" Dave defended the wild monarchs of his Rockies. And a glance from under Rosita's long lashes (which had *not* mixed with her complexion according to his prayer) gave the impression of a harassed look on her companion's features. Was he worrying because there might be a lion, or because the effect of a lion on the "tenderfoot" mightn't be up to expectations? "A cold snap with snow flurries does sometimes bring a lion to this level," he said. "There's—er—a place farther on where one was seen last year a bit later in the season. If you like I can leave you in the car before we get to the—well, a sort of crevasse

that's the danger spot, and walk ahead to see if the coast's clear—"

"But I *don't* like!" pleaded Lady Lane. "Whatever is to come, let's face it together."

Dave was silent, drowned in thought. Had he wished to walk ahead, Rosita wondered, to countermand the lion? She turned a giggle into a cough, as they drove on, then forgot—or seemed to forget—private interests as the pass gained in splendour. Far above the pine-darkened slopes and broad green shoulders where browsed wild sheep or fleecy mountain goats, towered incredible shapes of sculptured rock, and beyond each twist of the road hovered some new vision of marble castle or cathedral, with frieze and arch and pillar outlined in lapis-lazuli of shadow. Rosita gave vent to small screams of rapture until near where two boulders opened like a door of a vast petrified tent, a joyous shriek shrilled into a squeak of surprise.

"Why, there he *is*!" she cried.

"Who?" blurted Benton.

"Your lion."

"My lion? What do you mean, Lady Lane?"

"Oh, only the lion you prophesied. At just the right spot. As if it were a rendezvous!"

Yes, as she indicated with shaking voice and half-frozen finger, there indeed was the animal who shared with his rival the bear, kingship of the Rockies! If there were any secret bond between Benton and that sinister yellow form emerging from a roadside den, it had been too late to suppress the apparition. As large as life—but not one inch larger—loomed the beast in the eyes of Rosita.

"Good lord!" broke out Dave. "This is pretty awful. You'll wish you'd taken my advice and travelled by train."

"Oh no," Rosita consoled him. "I feel sure *you* can save me."

"The best way is to turn the tables—startle the beggar, if we can," said Dave, but Rosita stopped him from sounding the Klaxon. "Oh, don't do that again!" she begged. "I belong to the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. A motor horn's so hard on their nerves. I've a better plan. Don't you know how in books, when hunted by wolves in Russia you throw the children—other people's if possible—out of the sleigh, to stop the chase for a moment? Sandwiches may do for a mountain lion. I have sandwiches. Drive slowly and we'll try. It may do the trick!"

THE EXPERIMENT COMES TO GRIEF!

As if hypnotised, Benton obeyed. They neared the lion, who stood statue-still at their approach. He was certainly staring. The drawn-back lip might mean a snarl, though it resembled a smile. He quivered all over. Perhaps he meant to leap. But at the crucial moment Rosita stood up in the car and flung far ahead an unwrapped bundle of beef sandwiches, more red meat in them than white bread. Instantly the animal lost interest in the car and its occupants. He attacked a sandwich. He wallowed in sandwiches.

"Just what he wanted!" breathed Rosita, as Benton put on speed and spurted past the beast. "One would think I'd brought them on purpose! Oh, I knew you'd save me."

Dave laughed, a hollow laugh. "Saved yourself, you mean! I'm no lion-tamer, but you—why you're a sort of Una. I suppose—er—you had no presentiment of trouble for this journey? Nobody scared you with a story of—adventures along here after the first snows?"

"Nobody told me any story," Rosita assured him.

"I thought perhaps my sister——"

"You thought wrong. On the contrary, when I asked Suze if things ever happened, she *laughed*."

Dave looked relieved, though not yet at ease.

"Suze has never motored from Banff to Lake Louise as late in the season as this," he explained. "Of course, ours isn't an *ordinary* experience. Mightn't get anything of the sort once in a blue moon. But you'll remember, I warned you your blood would be on your own head if you came this trip."

"My blood's supposed to be blue, so it should be becoming," shivered Rosita. "Still, I'd rather keep it in my hands and feet."

"Cold? I told you——"

"Oh, I don't mind! The bears kept me from freezing, and the lion has improved my circulation. Now, if only we could meet bandits

and have a hold-up, I shouldn't even miss that rug you—forgot."

Benton started slightly, and threw her a strange glance. But she didn't see it, unless she caught a reflection in the mirror of her vanity case which she had just taken out. "I know you don't approve of powder," she apologised, "but in case of bandits—a little on my nose. It could make *all* the difference."

In spite of himself and such thoughts as might have been his, Dave Benton roared. "I'm not sure," he said, "that you're not the most wonderful woman I ever met."

"I wish you were sure," she sighed. "It's nice to be appreciated, and I'm getting a little tired."

"Is it impossible to frighten you?" he asked. His tone suggested nervousness.

"How can I tell?" she answered his question with another.

"Because," he went on, "it's just on the cards that we *may*——"

"May what?"

"Er—meet a bandit."

"Well," mused Rosita, putting away her powder puff. "I never try to cross a bridge till I come to it. But, oh, my goodness, what an awful looking man—there—there—don't you see?"

"Hands up!" bawled a hoarse voice that roared down the deep music of the Bow and the purring of the motor. He had leapt from an unseen hiding place into the middle of the road, brandishing two pistols. Dave stopped the car with a terrific grinding

of brakes. But not a squeak from Rosita!

"Hands up, yourself!" she cried; and the fierce little weapon she aimed must have been snatched from a cloak pocket.

The man dropped his; and they didn't go off.

"Coward!" Rosita flung at him. "Why shouldn't I fire, anyhow? You don't deserve to live."

"For Gawd's love call her off, boss!" bawled the bandit.

"For Heaven's sake don't shoot!" burst from Dave.

"I'll only wing him," Rosita argued.

"Gee, I won't stand for it!" the ruffian roared. "Lady, this is a frame-up! I'm a movie actor out of a job. I——"

"Shut your mouth, you dashed ass!" yelled Benton, and took the tiny death-dealer from Lady Lane. She let him take it, her calm gaze on that wild figure which, having scooped up the dropped pistols, instantly vanished over the steep slope of the precipice below the road and above the Bow.

Standing in the stopped car, Rosita Lane and Dave Benton looked each other in the eyes. She laughed. He frowned.

"No good keeping up the pretence," he said sulkily. "You would come. I thought I was entitled to some fun out of the trip."

"And out of me," she added. "I don't grudge it. I've had some fun out of you, too."

"By George, you have!" he agreed.

"Who put you wise that I meant to—to——"

"Try me out?" she finished. "Isn't that an expression they use here? Nobody put me wise, dear man, except my own, useful, well-trained little instinct. You thought I was "out" to get you, in one sense of the word. I saw that, and imagined you were out to get me in a different sense. I prepared for eventualities as carefully as you prepared, Mr. Benton. Which has scored d'you think?"



"For Gawd's love call her off, boss!"

AND THEY LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTERWARDS!

"You," Dave admitted promptly.
"Thanks," cooed Rosita.

Benton had never liked her so well. But action, not speech, was indicated. He struggled to re-start the car. It would not budge. Nothing would move it. The sweat which poured from Dave's forehead could not melt its obdurate mood. The foot-brake had seized tight!

* * *
He paused, panting. "We're done."

"Another stunt?" Rosita suggested. "Another test of character?"

"No, I swear to you, no!" Dave protested. "This is real—too real."

Rosita's manner changed. She became sympathetic, sweet, yet humorous. "Life is real, life is earnest," she quoted. "I accept your word, my friend. You're not a good actor, you see. And I see that this interlude is genuine, has arranged itself. How long will it take to make the car go?"

"I can't make her go," he confessed.

"Is anything likely to pass? I do not mean bears, lions, or bandits."

"Don't rub it in! Unfortunately, nothing's likely to pass—though something may."

"How far is it to Lake Louise?"

"We have more miles between us and there than you can possibly walk."

"What's the alternative?"

"Well, farther on there are a few scattered foresters' huts—empty, but I could smash a door, and at worst we could find shelter for the night."

Rosita reflected, then shook her head. "I'm too good a sportswoman to accept that. You're so conventional about women, you'd probably feel obliged to propose, if we spent a night in a deserted hut. Whether I'm out to 'get you' or not, I won't get you that way. I'm a fair walker and a fair gambler. We'll push on, and sooner or later reach Lake Louise. But first let's lunch."

Dave looked stricken. "As you've seen into my box of tricks," he began, "I may as well make a clean breast of—"

"So there *is* more?" she laughed. "You pretended that the Packard was hung up for painting. You forgot a rug. You hired a couple of men to produce tame bears and a milk-fed lion warranted safe and kind. You engaged a—well, an actor no better than yourself for the part of bandit. Now, I suppose, it's coming out that you left the luncheon basket behind. I know there *was* to be one, because I saw it being brought out to the car."

"I plead guilty," Dave repented. "When I play a practical joke I play for all it's worth. But I see now it's worth nothing. Pity you threw those sandwiches to the lion—"

"Not at all," said Rosita. "I ordered them for lions—or anything—uncivilised. I loathe beef sandwiches, don't you? I've something better—enough for both. Not that you deserve a crumb. But I hate feeding alone."

Her sole luggage (the rest had gone by train) was a hand-bag such as petted, vain women use for jewellery, rouge, powder, lip-stick, and all the portable battery of beauty. Dave had no luggage at all, as he'd planned to return that same evening to Banff. "Chocolates, I bet," thought Benton. But again he misjudged Rosita. There were two buttered rolls containing slices of chicken; there was a

'baby' Thermos filled with coffee, piping hot, and a small flask of the Forbidden Thing.

"You're a genius! And I'm a hopeless ass!" said Dave.

"Oh, asshood's not hopeless," protested Rosita. "Titania loved an ass, long ago, in the days of fairies."

"But at present," offered Dave, with purposeful emphasis, "in these days of—of—"

"Roadside menageries," she ventured.

"The ass loves Titania, and surrenders unconditionally. Will she accept his apologies—and him?"

They gazed at each other over the chicken rolls.

Rosita nibbled hers for a moment in silence. "Just out of spite, I'd like to refuse you," she spoke at last. "But—I happen to *love* you, lots more than I love your money. And I'm conceited enough to think I can give you your money's worth as—Mrs. Benton. You owe me something for this lunch—if for nothing more. Oh, and the motor car I hired to follow in case you meant to maroon us. It ought to turn up soon, and it's *very* expensive. So, of course, am I."

"You're the dearest thing on earth!"

"I hope that's not a pun."

"It's the expression of my heart."

"But—your *cousin*?"

"Dash my cousin!" said Dave. "She's married—to a missionary. I—er—kept the secret as a surprise for Suze."

"And for *me*?"

"I've only my very humble, admiring love for you."

Rosita clapped her hands, though they were no longer cold. "Thank goodness!" she cried. "It's been *such* a strain. Oh, here comes my motor!"

"Let's take *our* honeymoon at Lake Louise," said Dave. "My cousin's husband can marry us."

"Poetical justice," breathed Rosita, as the car she had so thoughtfully engaged drew up behind the stalled Lord. And that mountain pass of wild, unearthly beauty, brimmed to the summit of its peaks with happiness.



"Just out of spite I'd like to refuse you," she spoke at last. "But I happen to love you."

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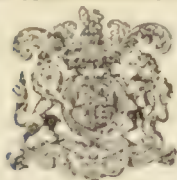
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THE MEN BEHIND THE SCENES.

THE difficulty of choosing a car is certainly becoming more puzzling as time goes on. No sooner has one's enthusiasm been aroused by some type of beauty than one falls in love at first sight with another. A motorist ought to be a Mormon; in such a world of distracting charms the virtuous state which the schoolboy described as "monotony" seems impossible.

At Olympia a susceptible lover of cars feels as dazed as a heart-free but amorous youth in a ball-room full of beauties who seem almost too lovely to be true. It is when they are seen alone that they are dangerous.

It seems almost sacrilege to talk about prices, for the value of such a beautiful creature as the Armstrong-Siddeley should be beyond that of rubies. In the interests of readers, however, we stifled incoherent words of admiration, and endeavoured to be practical.

"It is not a question of returning to pre-war prices," said Mr. Siddeley. "The prices of our chassis are now lower than they were before the war, and purchasers receive far better value for the same amount of money as they spent formerly. For example, before the war we made an 18 h.p. four-cylinder chassis, with no self-starting equipment, to sell at £500. To-day we produce a six-cylinder chassis of the same power, and with a self-starter, at the same price. . . .

"It is absurd to talk about the

IT is gratifying to know that the Motor Show proved a success from the business standpoint, and that all interested in motor development look forward to the coming year with renewed hope for renewed prosperity. It is not suggested that the millennium of the movement is at hand! But most of the leaders of the industry with whom we have talked on the subject, are—well, much more hopeful. We reproduce some of their views on the general outlook for the coming season.

return to pre-war prices. A modern six-cylinder chassis at the same price as a pre-war four is infinitely cheaper. And the difference in value does not end there. The new models show 25 per cent. decrease in petrol consumption, and the tyres wear twice as long owing to lightening of the chassis, general improvements, and the six-cylinder torque. . . .

"In a recent R.A.C. test a six-cylinder 18 h.p. model covered 10,010 miles over average roads. It travelled day and night, and averaged about 450 miles each twenty-four hours. The petrol consumption was 24.64 m.p.g., and oil 13.347. The same set of four outer covers was used through-

out the test, and during the 10,000 mile journey less than two hours were spent upon minor adjustments. . . .

"You cannot compare pre-war values with those which more fortunate motorists receive to-day. . . .

"Exactly the same remarks apply to the 30 h.p. chassis. It is sold at pre-war price, although it has been enormously improved and its intrinsic value is far higher. . . .

"The higher grades of bodywork may cost more than in former years, but this is largely due to the fact that customers like to consider their own tastes with regard to style, colour and upholstery, and so it is difficult to standardize. . . ."

Mr. Siddeley mentioned also as an example of present values the little Stoneleigh three-seater car, the new price of which is £185. It has an air-cooled V twin engine rated at 8.9 h.p., and is designed with overhead valves and aluminium pistons. Easy starting is ensured by a half compression device, and electric lamps are included in the equipment. This wonderful little car is made by a subsidiary Armstrong Siddeley company known as Stoneleigh Motors, Ltd.

HOISTING A NEW STANDARD.

Our next visit was to the Standard works in Coventry, where we found Mr. F. Smeeton enthusiastic over the prospects of big business. Among the new models exhibited at the Show was the new 8 h.p. Standard, which can



The Sizaire-Berwick can justly claim to be one of the most imposing cars on the market to-day. You will grant that the lines here displayed are peculiarly enchanting.

INCREASING DEMAND FOR LUXURIOUS MOTORING.

be supplied either with a two-seater body with large double dickey seat or with an attractive four-seater body. Both types are fitted with the "Standard" patent side panels which open with the doors and convert the cars into completely enclosed vehicles.

The actual rating of the 8 h.p. Standard is 9.5 h.p. (That of the older 11 h.p. model, by the way, is 13.9 h.p.) It has a four-cylinder engine with overhead valves, three-speed gearbox and final worm drive. Equipped with self-

starter, spare wheel, hood and side panels, the 8 h.p. Standard is selling at £275 with the two-seater body, and £295 with the four-seater.

Mr. Smeeton agreed that there is a demand for more luxurious motoring this year, and that more people than in former times are attracted by the entirely enclosed type of body. To meet the demand, a new Special Saloon Standard at £625, and a Light Saloon at £525, have been introduced. We saw both, and can certify that they are handsome cars. They have the 13.9 h.p. chassis which develops 23 h.p. at 2,000 r.p.m. The Standard Co. have a private test hill which includes a gradient of one in four, so they have studied weight and power ratios.

The views of Mr. Smeeton on future prices were interesting. Every possible reduction of the costs of materials and labour have been considered, and no further slump in prices is to be expected. He fully confirmed the views of other manufacturers to the effect that people who wait for further reductions will be disappointed.



There are various models of the Austin Twenty, and wheresoever you look, it is hard to find better value—notably in regard to the above example.

Those which have been made already are very largely due to improved organization and the determination to increase output. So far as Standard cars are concerned the new prices certainly do not imply that there have been alterations in the quality of materials, or that any of the special features have been abandoned.

A RISING STAR.

At Wolverhampton we had another



The history of British automobile development contains few examples of new cars "making good" in so short a time as the Albert has done.

peep behind the scenes. There we discovered the new Star with a six cylinder engine rated at 17.3 h.p.

In practically all its features the new six-cylinder chassis resembles the well-known 11.9 h.p. model, but it has four forward speeds instead of three, and artillery wheels. The lengthened bonnet gives the new car the graceful greyhound appearance which is one of the charms of the six cylinder type. The gearbox and clutch are incorporated with the engine; the valves are side by side,

and the cylinders have a detachable head. There is a central gear change lever, as the makers favour this type which acts directly over the gearbox and allows the driver to reach his seat without disturbing a passenger.

The 11.9 h.p. four cylinder remains unaltered so far as the chassis is concerned, but improvements have been made in body work. "All season" hoods and side curtains are fitted to the open touring models, and in addition the "Four-seater Special" 11.9 h.p. Star has a wind-screen for passengers in the rear seat.

There are considerable alterations in the prices. For example, the standard two-seater sells at £450 instead of £495, and the four-seater, completely equipped, at £465 instead of £545. The four-seater, therefore, costs £30 less than the two-seater last year.

With regard to the sensational rumours of another fall in the prices of cars, Mr. J. Lisle, whom we saw at the Star works, said that in some cases they had been reduced to an extent not justified by

PRICES LOWER THAN PRE-WAR.

present conditions. Taking everything into consideration, they are back to pre-war standard, and in fixing prices for the coming year manufacturers had taken into account the possibility of further reductions in factory costs.

No further "slump" in the prices of well-known cars is to be expected, and if customers do not show their appreciation of the generosity of manufacturers to-day by giving orders without delay, it is far more likely that there will be a general rise than a general fall of prices.

We agree entirely with the views expressed by Mr. Lisle. An equally clear statement of the position was made by Mr. T. G. John, the Managing Director of the Alvis Car and Engineering Co., Ltd., of Coventry.

Mr. John said: "The greatest disability under which the industry labours is that of seasonal fluctuations, caused partly by the yearly Motor Show, partly by weather conditions, and partly by the misapplied efforts of certain sections of the Press which at one moment are lamenting the fate of British trade generally and the next moment are doing their utmost to make it still worse by holding out wild hopes of reductions in prices which are very much exaggerated. It is true that there have been reductions of wages and the cost of materials recently, but the total effect of both these causes has not been sufficient to justify any very great reduction of prices.

"Of course, a manufacturer who tries to meet a cheap car market can cut the quality of his product still



The Talbot-Darracq all-weather model, mounted on an 18/36 h.p. chassis, is particularly attractive—not only in appearance, but in the important question of price.

more, and so effect further reductions. Other firms may be even selling at a loss temporarily, perhaps in the hope that when the good times come they can recoup themselves of their losses, the other alternative to them being to go out of business altogether before the longed-for good times come. Other people again are in a sufficiently stable position to withstand most of the shocks from which the motor trade suffers, and will reap the benefit in time."

often hears the head of one great firm express the most generous admiration for the products and business organisation of a competitor. Motor manufacturers carry sportsmanship into business.

In other trades one meets the braggart type which, instead of hiding its light beneath a bushel, puts a very powerful reflector behind it designed to dazzle or blind. The quiet men in the motor industry are more likely to use dimmers.

Motorists do not always appreciate the difficulties which have been overcome, nor do they value at their true worth the amazing enthusiasm and conscientious craftsmanship which would be apparent if they looked beneath the surface. The motor trade is still one in which men have ideals.

Mr. John is among those idealists whose dreams are generally realised. His company's ambition is to achieve and maintain super-excellence. He believes that there will always be a steady, even though limited, market for the best possible product, and that there



The Matthis is one of the aristocrats of the light car world, and not only looks a good performer, but makes that impression materialise on the road.

SMALL IN SIZE—BIG IN HEART.



(Above) The 8.9 h.p. four-cylinder two-seater Lea Francis, a newcomer to the light car market, is of extremely interesting design, and the price of £235 brings it within reach of many potential motorists.



(Above) Undoubtedly one of the smartest two-seaters on the market to-day is the 8/18 h.p. Talbot Darracq, and for £275 it is undoubtedly a "value for money" proposition of more than normal attractiveness.



(Below) That the lines of the A.C. two-seater with dicky, are exceedingly attractive may be gathered from the illustration, and the present price of this handsome light car is £475.

(Below) The popular 11.9 Morris-Cowley, differing only in minor respects from the Morris-Oxford, is an extremely attractive owner-driver's car, especially at the low price of £225.



(Centre) The little 7 h.p. Austin—a new and small relative of the famous Austin Twenty—is another popular light car, and of marked general utility; it is priced at £225.

CAR DELIGHT IN LIGHT CARS.



(Above) If you wish to travel "Swiftly" the new 10 h.p. model Swift, at £275 complete, enables you to travel very economically as well. This we can vouch for from our own experience.



(Above) Everyone visiting the Motor Show was struck by the charm of the Bugatti exhibits. The 11.3 h.p. standard two-seater illustrated is priced at £650, and is well known as a thoroughbred.



(Below) Improved and refined throughout, the new 11 h.p. Standard—at the price of £450—will undoubtedly claim many additional patrons. That it is a favourite car is evident if one attempts to "count them on the road."

(Below) A substantial reduction has been announced regarding the 11 h.p. Hillman all-weather two-seater; the new price of £430 making this reliable and efficient light car a most noteworthy product.



(Centre) The new G.N. (10 h.p. four-cylinders), with its neat hood, giving complete protection, is sure to be as "popular" as its predecessor, particularly so at the price of 245 guineas.

THE ACHIEVEMENT OF SUPER-EXCELLENCE.

will always be connoisseurs ready to pay a reasonable price for workmanship and materials of the highest quality. If the Alvis Co. have been able to devise any improvement in their cars they have not considered the cost. Their laudable aim has been to produce the world's best light car, and if they are told that it is the most expensive of its type on the market, they smile modestly and say, "Possibly it is also of the highest value."

We believe that a greater number of motorists every year will learn by experience to honour the men who build to an ideal.

SWIFTNESS, LUXURY AND ECONOMY.

We could not, of course, remain long in Coventry without paying a visit to the Swift Co. They are old friends of the motorist, whom they have served as faithfully as they did a previous generation of cyclists. The older lovers of the road will always remember with feelings of affection the names of firms which were famous long ago and which have been pioneers in what is now one of the world's greatest industries.

It will be remembered that last year the firm introduced the Swift "All Weather" body, which has features which made it different from other types. Many makers now supply hoods and side panels with celluloid windows as part of the standard equipment of touring cars, but the Swift "All Weather" body has particularly admirable features. It is not merely convertible from the fully open type for sunny weather to the completely enclosed saloon which is storm



The S.P.A. is an Italian car which is not so well appreciated on the British market as it ought to be—except by those who own it.

proof. The designers have remembered that there are fine but chilly days when motorists do not desire to be hermetically sealed up, but desire some protection from the wind which is too keen to be pleasant. They have, therefore, cleverly devised the side panels of the four-seater car in such a manner that the celluloid windows can when desired be used as a wind-screen for the rear passengers. Such wind-screens are generally regarded as

by the tax gatherers, but the Swift Co. have shown positive genius in their efforts to prove to motorists that comfort need not be more costly than discomfort. Though prices have been reduced, the number of little luxuries has been increased, and this year we find much improved upholstery arm rests, and foot rests cunningly placed, so that the well-known 12 h.p. four-seater provides the comfort usually associated with highly powered and highly priced cars.

The new model 8-10 h.p. Swift will certainly have many admirers this year. The four-cylinder engine has proved itself capable of a speed of 50 m.p.h., and prolonged tests have shown the petrol consumption to be between 45 and 50 m.p.g. The standard body is a two-seater with what are called two occasional seats, which offer very comfortable accommodation. We can say that the little car is very pretty and well designed in every detail.

MR. CALCOTT IS
ENTHUSIASTIC.

We found Mr. W. H. Calcott, of Calcott Bros., Ltd., extremely busy



The peculiar charm of the Bentley three-litre is the remarkable manner in which it combines traffic suavity with open road speed capacity.

BEAUTIFUL CARS, EXQUISITELY FINISHED.

and full of enthusiasm. "We are working full time at high pressure now," he said, "and the future has great possibilities. I think prices have reached a level at which they will remain fixed, and you will be doing good work for motorists and manufacturers if you contradict some of the absurd rumours that have been circulated. In all human probability there will be no further reductions of prices after the 1st of May."

"Look at the prices now," he continued. "The 11.9 h.p. Calcott, with exactly the same specification, the same workmanship, and produced from the same materials, is sold at £425 instead of £495. The 10.5 h.p. two-seater with self-starter, dickey seat, and all-weather curtains, sells at £325, against £385. The motoring public have never before received such value for money as they do today. They are receiving better cars than at any previous period, cars of higher all-round efficiency and more highly finished, in spite of the enormous reductions of price that have been made."

When we looked critically at the latest models, we had to agree with every word Mr. Calcott said. They are beautiful little cars, exquisitely finished. The 10.5 h.p. model has been developed from the original pre-war light car, which was one of the pioneers of its type. With it have been incorporated many of the post-war improvements to be found in the 11.9 h.p. model, which has been conspicuously successful. Both are excellent examples of the highly efficient and typically British cars which can be run eco-



The man who is looking for a family car of excellent all-round performance and of distinctly moderate cost, must try the Dodge Brothers car.

nomically and show in every detail a very high degree of engineering skill.

MR. RILEY SAYS PRICES MAY RISE.

The views of pioneers who have been associated with the motor industry since the very early days are particularly interesting. History may not repeat itself, but men who have an intimate knowledge of past events are generally good prophets.

So we called on Mr. Victor Riley,

"No," he said, in answer to a question, "we are not making any considerable changes in our 11 h.p. chassis. We have made our cars more comfortable, and have added many little refinements, but the greatest improvements made this year have been in the direction of better organisation, which has enabled us to increase output and give motorists extraordinary value for money. The four-seater, all-season, 11 h.p. Riley, which cost £525 last year, now sells at £430. It has a four-speed gearbox, will travel at 45 miles per hour, the petrol consumption is 35 miles to the gal., and a set of tyres is good for 8,000 miles. This is the practical reply to the demand for economical motoring."

"Yes, I think the future prospects are extremely bright."

In the course of a general conversation about old times, and the general improvements that have been made in all cars during recent years, Mr. Riley made the interesting comment that many modern engines are over-cooled. "The



As usual, the Lanchester show models were vehicles of supreme charm and dignity, happily combined with ample space and comfort.

A BIGGER DEMAND FOR CARS NEXT YEAR.

temperature at which they run is too low for the highest possible efficiency," he said. "We tell our customers to remove the fan belt in the cool weather."

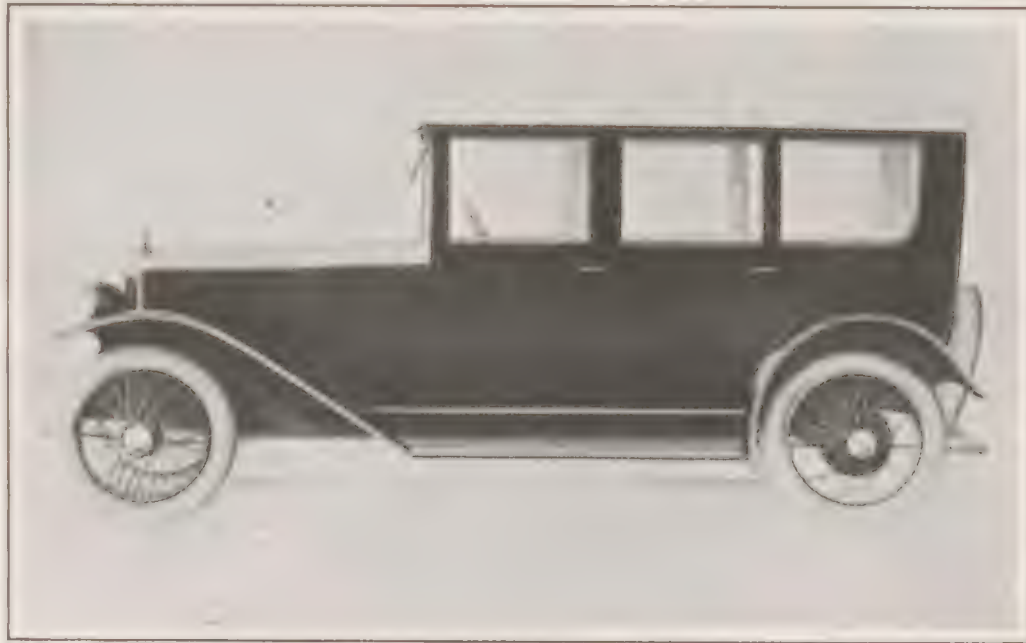
When we called upon the Daimler Company, we were greatly impressed by the wonderful range of vehicles displayed, and the highly efficient service system which they have organised. The Daimler Company is to-day the only firm in the world that offers such a complete range of cars—45 h.p., 30 h.p., 21 h.p., 16 h.p., 12 h.p., 11 h.p., and 10 h.p.—any one of which can be bought either as a chassis or with coachwork complete.

In addition to their wonderful sales service, the Daimler Company maintains in the principal centres a highly efficient series of Maintenance Depots, at which owners of Daimler and B.S.A. cars can be sure of prompt attention to their needs.

The Daimler is one of the representative British cars, and has been for over a quarter of a century, and in every one of these years the current models have not only maintained but enhanced the company's reputation.

The 1923 programme is the most complete in the company's history, and brings the possession of a Daimler car within the reach of an immensely larger public than hitherto. In this extension of the range the company has adhered strictly to its traditional high quality, and those who buy the smaller Daimler cars may rest assured that their vehicles are equal, in every respect save size, to the largest that the company makes.

One very great



An attractive body for owner-drivers is happily evidenced by the stately interior drive saloon on the new 10/15 h.p. Salmson chassis.

advantage that results from the Daimler Company having such a complete range is that the purchaser can rely on each model being a perfect example of its class. There has been no more striking characteristic of post-war automobile design than the manner in which cars nominally belonging to a certain class have lost their proper proportions in an attempt to belong to other classes also. In the Daimler range there is a complete

men with whom we spoke are truly representative of all branches of the great industry. The cars for which they are responsible range from the princely £3,000 saloons to the little twin-cylinder two-seaters which bring motoring within the reach of almost everybody.

A few well-known leaders of the trade, whose views we should have liked to include, were engaged upon business away from their works when we called.

A few facts stand out very vividly. The Motor Exhibition was the most wonderful display of cars since the war. The chief improvements were in the direction of increased comfort, higher efficiency, and, we think, a general tendency to lighten both chassis and bodies.

Prices were very close to those which ruled before the war, and intrinsic values were higher than ever before.

The great reductions have been made, and the good days for motor-owners are already here. Prices for cars to-day are absolutely rock-bottom, so now is the time to buy.



To the expert eye the new range of Arrol-Johnston cars constitutes quite one of the best value for money propositions available on the British market.



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MOTORING MATTERS OF INFINITE JEST AND MOST EXCELLENT FANCY.

THE HUMOURS OF MOTORING.

By Frederick Dolman.

Although in the main the pages of "Punch" are confined to a medley of high-class humour, one can trace a serious vein of prophetic insight into many of the subjects handled. So with the development of motoring; and it is alike amusing and instructive to look back to Mr. Punch's outlook on the early development of motoring.

THE first appearance of the motor car in *Punch* seems to have been at the beginning of 1896, ten months before the famous run to Brighton. Linley Sambourne's frontispiece to the *Almanac* of that year had as its central feature John Bull driving a motor coach with two lackeys behind.

The new locomotion having been introduced in this fashion, six months passed before *Punch* artists began turning it to account, but during the second half of the ensuing year quite a number of drawings appeared, depicting various phases of what was regarded as an amusing hobby. H. C. Jalland, whose *métier* for many years had been hunting and other "horsey" incidents, was the pioneer with a drawing which appeared on July 25th. It was headed "Decidedly Uncomfortable," and showed the plight of a motorist who was climbing a steep hill and discovered when he was half way up, that his petrol was exhausted. This may have been suggested to Jalland by something which he had actually seen, but in his second effort he gave rein to his imagination. This was entitled "Deer Stalking Made Easy" (September 19th), and depicted "a patent silent motor crawler," a prophetic picture which, great as has been the progress of motoring invention, has yet to be realised.

On November 14th, 1896, Phil May records the advent of the motor bus with a sketch in which an old gentle-

man demands to be set down, only to learn from the driver that he "can't stop the blooming thing." My own recollection of the earliest days of the motor bus suggests that it was apt to stop only too easily! Phil May's bus, it may be noted, bears the name "Hammersmith," from which may be inferred that this district was one of the first to be served by the new vehicle. In the *Punch* of a fortnight later, G. D.

Armour who, like Jalland, was noted for his equestrian contributions, similarly indulged his imaginative faculty in a drawing respecting "A Motor Hunt," described as one of the "Signs of the Times." A countryside poster announces, "Only Automatic Foxes Used. No Cruelty. No Blank Days. Electric and Steam Horses for Hire." Here was a suggestion which it is rather surprising none of our ultra-humanitarians have taken up—so far, at any rate!

Having exploited the new subject to this extent *Punch* gave it a rest for some time. On October 2nd, 1897, appeared a drawing from Phil May's pen which hit off capitally a little peculiarity of the horseless vehicle from the street urchin's point of view. "Hi, whip behind!" shouts one of the breed as a motor car passes, on the back of which a small boy is enjoying a free ride. "Yah, he ain't got one," retorts another more observant *gamin*. This picture apparently suggested a companion to one of Phil May's *Punch* colleagues. The following week there was a drawing of a motor car equipped with "a galvanic urchin tickler," to make good the want of a whip. Possibly only spoiling of the sport by the rapid development of motor speed prevented the ingenious inventor from taking the hint and including some such contrivance among the many gadgets which he has devised for motoring comfort and convenience. Curiously enough, however, Phil May's joke re-appeared in *Punch* some years



"I've been telling you all the week to take it 'ome, and now yer wants' to yer can't."

SOMETIMES A JOKE IS A VERY SERIOUS THING!

later—January 6th, 1904—the drawing “Out of Reach” having the signature of Tom Browne, and it is very interesting to compare this plagiarism of *Punch* from itself.

The file of *Punch* for 1901 is particularly fruitful in motoring humour. In the *Almanac* of that year Jalland gives us “The Motor Horse Steeplechase,” and throughout the volume his colleagues show themselves alive to the possibilities of a vein of humour which he had been the first to discover. Most of the drawings are concerned with the trials and tribulations arising out of the inexperience of designers and engineers. Raven Hill (January 23rd), depicts a car suffering from “violent palpitations;” the worried driver assuring his passengers, “There’s no need to be alarmed. It will be all right as soon as I’ve discovered the what-do-you-call-it.” The same artist, under the title “The Joys of Motoring” (February 27th), shows us a pair of muddy legs protruding from underneath a car with the explanation, “No, this is not a dreadful accident. He is simply tightening a nut or something, and she is hoping he won’t be much longer.” Progress, oh yes, the progress has been wonderful—but it is to be feared that even now, twenty years later, this picture will strike a responsive chord among many of us!

We can enjoy the humour with unmixed feelings, however, of a third drawing by Raven Hill, “Brothers in Adversity” (June 12th). A farmer, with a runaway horse, calls out to a motorist—“Pull up, you fool, the mare’s bolted.” To which he can only reply. “So’s the car.”

In these early days the costume which many motorists of both sexes considered it necessary to don for protection from the elements naturally provoked satire. Starr Wood had a drawing (August 7th, 1901) of a car

full of such motorists, whose fearful aspect is indicated by the “legend”: “No, this is not a collection of tubercular microbes escaping from the Congress, but merely the Montgomery-Smiths in their motor car enjoying the beauties of the country.”

At a somewhat later date (November 9th, 1904) Stampa makes an errand boy call out to a motorist in the most awful furs and with fearful goggles: “They must have forgotten to burn you on the 5th.”

A car running away down-hill, with its astonished driver and panic-stricken passengers, provides Armour with a comical “study in expression” (July 17th, 1901). Raven Hill illustrates one of the gibes the horse-bus driver was so fond of hurling at an unfortunate motorist: “I’ve been telling you all the week to take it ‘ome and now yer wants to yer can’t” (January 15th, 1902). In another picture of a broken-down motorist the same artist puts into his mouth the pathetic plaint, “And only yesterday I was fined £5 for driving at excessive speed” (“Fickle Fortune,” February 24th, 1904). Under the heading “Adding Insult to Injury” (March 9th, 1904), Chas. Pears shows us motorist, wife and smashed car being conveyed on a horse lorry whilst a tramp photographer approaches with the offer, “Just as you are for a shilling!” Under the

heading of “Fashionable Intelligence” Stampa contributes a drawing of a motor-car which has got into a muddle with the carriage traffic at Hyde Park Corner, “Fitz-Jones goes in for motoring and mixes in Society.” If you leave a lady in charge of the car in order to make a call and on returning find that it is taking her rapidly downhill what advice would you give? In the inscription to a drawing by Raven Hill (“Comprehensive” October 26th, 1904), this question is thus answered: “Pull everything you can see and put your foot on everything else.”

In “A Case of Mistaken Identity” (May 25th, 1904) Armour depicts the disastrous result on the road of engaging a *chef* in mistake—owing to limited acquaintance with French—for a *chauffeur*. And again in “The Retort Courteous” (September 14th, 1904) the same artist makes a motorist inquire of a sportsman “What luck? Killed anything?” “No. Have you?” is the rejoinder. It is Jalland, however, who, *à propos* of a road encounter between horsemen and a “road hog” in which the latter gets the best of it, very properly inquires, “Ought a motor car to be licensed and compelled to carry a distinguishing number?” (October 30th, 1901). The drawing is a surprising reminder of the circumstance that up to this date—and for some time after—

motorists enjoyed a liberty which they would never have claimed for themselves and shows that *Mr. Punch* sometimes mixes a little wisdom with his wit.

“The Diary of an Automobilst Abroad,” by Armour, and other drawings based on the vicissitudes of foreign touring which appeared about this time indicated the widening scope of the motor-car, whilst its introduction into important political cartoons testified to its growing importance in social and business life



“Pull everything you can see and put your foot on everything else.”

DUNCAN'S DICTUM.

"Whilst we PLAY at the game," says Duncan, "out there they WORK at it."

THUS George Duncan, the foremost British professional golfer of the day, as reported by the *Morning Post* on arrival at Southampton from New York. Duncan and Mitchell have been touring round the United States for three and a half months, during which time they played in 55 matches, of which they lost only ten.

Both men, according to the *Morning Post*, remarked on the wonderful play of Géné Sarazen, winner of the American Open Championship, and said that they had noticed a continuous improvement in American golf, which they accounted for by the specialisation of the younger men in the game. Each year, they predict, will see American competition more and more dangerous in English championships.

"Whilst we *play* at the game," said Duncan, "out there they *work* at it." That "we" is significant. Duncan, himself a professional, is presumably speaking for himself and his brother professionals, as well as for all the rest of us.

But if British amateurs have some excuse for saying that if American amateurs like to turn a game into a business they can, and welcome to all the pleasure they may get out of winning championships by such means, it is not so easy to account for the failure of professionals to work at their job. But suppose our professionals turned over a new leaf, and did work at their job; suppose, for instance, they made a rule of devoting an hour a day to putting, or whatever the Americans do to get ahead of us—is Duncan sure that we are not badly behind the Americans in the matter of method?

Teaching is, or should be, entirely in the hands of the professionals. Latterly the form of our leading professionals has been so poor that, in spite of the ever-increasing number of new courses which are constantly being opened, "exhibition matches" by professionals seem almost completely to have lost their attraction

for the golfing public. In the heyday of Vardon's, Braid's and Taylor's fame keen golfers flocked to see them play in the hope of picking up one or two wrinkles.

It is possible that Duncan, if he thinks again, may realise that professionals will have to go deeper even than mere "mugging" if they are going to regain public confidence, and show themselves fit to coach amateurs to hold their own with Americans. There is nothing in the world so deadly dull as "mugging" away laboriously unless you are certain you are working along the right road.

And that, to my mind, is the crux of the whole situation.

The Americans have method. We have not. Who is to blame? Amateurs look to professionals for guidance, and what do they see? One jabs at the ball, with his hands somewhere down on the socket, and his legs sprawling like a spider; another putts entirely off his right foot, and a third off his left.

Géné Sarazen is an Italian, not an American; and if an Italian, by studying and applying American methods, can become as good as Duncan says he is, surely those methods are worth the attention of our professors. The Professional Golfers' Association is a very influential body, with men like Braid and Duncan on their committee. Would it be impossible for them to sift what is best from Duncan's experience of American methods, and do something to see that sound teaching, at all events, is to be relied upon from the members of their Association?

Mr. de Montmorency told me that when he was playing Mr. "Bobbie" Jones, the young American genius, at Hoylake last year, in the International match, Mr. Jones missed a four-foot putt. His face, Mr. de Montmorency says, was a study. He thought he was absolutely certain of holing it. First-class American golfers are all first-class putters, and they are accustomed to hole all four-foot putts, and nearly

all six and eight-foot putts too, in their own country. No doubt the slow perfection of their putting-greens gives them the necessary confidence to putt at the hole every time, never worrying about the ball running out of holing distance if they miss. But at Hoylake last year the greens were about as slippery as greens could be; and yet the American team gave ours a sound hammering, although Mr. de Montmorency considers that the play of our side through and up to the green was as good as theirs. So their putting (and they all seem to putt in very much the same way), learnt and practised under exactly opposite conditions, proved not only equal but superior to our own on our own Hoylake links.

There cannot be much wrong with methods which produce results like that.

It may be that lessons and practice in putting should always be carried out on slow greens, to give the student courage. That is what we want to know. But with all due deference to American golfers, we do not want to go on playing for ever on greens which offer no danger of over-running the hole because they are so slow, and so true, that if the ball does run a yard too far the return putt is a certainty. It smacks too strongly of the perfect wicket and the dreary dullness that too much certainty brings into any game. Therefore it is sincerely to be hoped that British greenkeepers will not imagine that slow, easy greens all the year round are in the best interests of the game. There is a happy mean between fast, difficult greens and slow, easy ones that produces the pleasantest putting and the truest test of golf.

The recent Mixed Foursomes at Worplesdon produced a great deal of extraordinarily fine play. So many couples made a habit of "going out" in 36 and finishing the round in something very near an average of "fours" that the wise and experienced men there assembled, who are accustomed

DO LADIES ALWAYS PUTT BETTER IN MIXED FOURSOMES?

to analyse and discuss these matters in the morning papers, found themselves at a loss to explain the phenomena. Here were "mixed couples"—excellent players, certainly—going round and round in figures a first-class professional might be glad to equal. Douglas Fish, for instance, and Miss Jocelyn Rogers actually completed the first nine holes in 35 against Mr. Noel Layton and Mrs. Patey in the semi-final; they finished the round in 73 or 74, and *Mr. Layton and Mrs. Patey won!*

Miss Rogers, it is understood, is still in her "teens," but she is already a very good golfer, with beautiful style, and a crowd of spectators does not seem to upset her at all; certainly it does not upset her play. She holed a putt, right at the back of the hole, on the 17th green, to keep that particular match alive, that Bobbie Jones himself might have envied.

Then, in the final next morning, the Wethereds began, for them, very shakily. They missed short putts, and failed to put chip-shots dead, and pulled tee-shots and wandered over the country generally; in order to go out in 36, as usual, they had to get 3, 3, 3 at the 7th, 8th and 9th holes, and they did.

Someone remarked, quite truthfully, that the quality of the ladies' play, when playing with men, was strokes better than when they were playing alone, and double that number of strokes better than when they were playing against men. And that is why, handicap or no handicap, whether it is a "half" or a "third," the men always win, and always will win.

It is a curious thing, and one that seems to go deeper than golf.

There is no doubt that ladies, playing in partnership with men, putt magnificently; playing against men, by themselves, their putting is futile.

Who can explain it?

Next month we commence the publication of a series of articles, on his own methods, by Mr. R. H. de Montmorency. The particular value of these articles to most golfers lies not so much in the fact that they come from the pen of the most consistently brilliant and experienced amateur now

playing, as that he is a golfer who has thought out and developed his own game for himself; not only that, but he did not take the game up until, as he says himself, his muscles were set and hardened, so that he was unable to twist his body into "the graceful attitudes" of those who had started in their youth.

But Mr. de Montmorency had already earned his "Blue" for cricket and racquets at Oxford, so there was nothing wrong with his eye or his physique; and as for keenness, the golfing mania caught him properly.

I could mention dozens of eminent British golfers, amateur and professional, who may be seen crouching over their putts one day, and standing bolt upright the next; but Mr. de Montmorency is not amongst them. He has taken infinite pains to discover the method best suited to himself, and having found it he never makes more than the slightest alteration to his grip, as a change, when things are not running quite smoothly. Even this little expedient is never more than temporary.

Of course there are many fine putters amongst our professionals too—Jack White and Ted Ray spring to mind at once. But there should be no really bad putters amongst them, and their best friends could not maintain that there are not. Then they teach the members of their Club to go about putting in the wrong way, and on the top of it all our leading professionals come back from the States and want to know why we don't work at it!

No retort sufficiently courteous for publication occurs to one.



LORD MAIDSTONE, formerly Captain of Oxford. *Lord Maidstone was unfortunate in running up against W. I. Hunter in the first round of the Amateur Championship at Prestwick this year, but with better luck he might go a long way.*

HAVE YOU PLAYED GOLF BEFORE BREAKFAST?

A ROYAL GOLF CLUB.



The Clubhouse and the last green. The 18th is a short hole, and the wire netting on the right has been erected to prevent erratic players breaking the windows.

THIRTY years ago I used to play round the classic old course on Wimbledon Common before breakfast. The principal reason for this early habit was that I was then a man of business, and had to go up to the City every day; but once the initial difficulty of getting out of bed was surmounted, and given a fine morning, the golf—vile player as I was—has never been equalled since for sheer enjoyment. Everybody knows what a beautiful bit of Surrey scenery lies beyond the road that runs from the Windmill to Cæsar's Camp. It was hopelessly disfigured, as many another nice place was, by the erection of rows of Army huts right in the centre of it during the war, and the horrid huts are still there. But the other day I heard a most heartening rumour that they were to be removed before long, and that a scheme had already been framed for restoring the old course.

It would be a thousand pities to let



MR. F. S. BOND, a past captain of the Club. He is an exceptionally good putter, and seldom loses a match for Wimbledon, for whom he plays "top." It is curious that so fine a match-player should not have gone further than he has hitherto in the Championship; so far the "luck of the draw" has been against him.

it go. As a golf course, pure and simple, it could not hold its own for a second with modern achievements like, say, Coombe Hill, which lies just across the valley, and can be seen distinctly in the photo of the 6th (Quarry) hole; but the first inter-University match was played there in 1878, and for many years afterwards—up to 1893, I think. The course was very short by comparison with present-day courses, but the greens were lovely, with their short,

crisp, firm coats of grass. Through the green one had to be able to pick the ball out of hard, cuppy lies—not the kind of Turkey carpet the modern golfer *de luxe* expects and demands at all. It was no place for the golfing exotic, and if it were opened again to-morrow he would not visit it twice.

It must be over twenty years ago that J. H. Taylor was professional there, before he went to Mid-Surrey. I remember one day, when a violent gale was blowing from the southwest, Taylor standing

on the second tee and pulling his cap firmly down over his eyes. "Three full shots," he muttered, and proceeded to hit them with that unerring precision which never seemed to fail him at his best. The hole was, speaking from long memory, 400 yards long, and Taylor's third shot lay within easy putting distance of the hole—which is as good as saying that he got his 4.

But, later on, one of Taylor's suc-

A CURIOUS FIRST HOLE.

MORE OFTEN OVER THAN SHORT.



The first hole is rather peculiar. Its official length is 266 yds., but the approach slopes so abruptly that it is sometimes overdriven.

cessors was dismissed for some misdemeanour, and set to work to form a "Town Club." Before that the course had become rather overcrowded, as the Royal Wimbledon and London Scottish already shared it; the latter, whose clubhouse stands in the Windmill enclosure, starting at the 9th hole. Moreover, anybody who liked to buy

or borrow a red coat had a right to play over the course whether he belonged to either club or not. Play was restricted by the Conservators of the Common to Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, and it was no uncommon thing to find a family picnic or a game of stump-cricket in full swing on any of the greens. If a swearing match super-

vened—as it not infrequently did—Royal Wimbledon usually stood aside and allowed their more accomplished Scottish brethren to clear the green.

But these and other considerations induced Royal Wimbledon to cross the road in search of pastures more private; and these they found immediately behind their own club-



Caught in a quarry going to the 6th hole. Coombe Hill can be seen across the valley.

SURREY SCRUB AND SILVER BIRCH.

THE THIRD HOLE IS A DRIVE AND A "SPIT" !



Driving to the 3rd hole—typical of Wimbledon Common golf. It is a pity the whole course could not have been planned over the higher ground, which rather spoils one for the comparatively heavy going in the valley below.

A HAZARD BUILT BY CÆSAR'S LEGIONS.



Players passing across an ancient moat or trench surrounding "Cæsar's Camp."

house, round and about "Cæsar's Camp." Braid had something to do with the design of the "New Course," as it is still called, and Dr. Laidlaw Purves—who had so much to do with the Royal St. George's Course at Sandwich—also had a finger in the pie; but Mr. Hughes, who is Secretary there now, says the Green Committee really "did it."

The clubhouse is about as comfortable as it could be. There is a curling-rink too, for frosty weather, adjoining the clubhouse, and it is as good as a play to go and watch the wonderful old Scottish gentlemen, with flowing white beards, plaids, bonnets, snow-boots and "soops" (brooms), roaring instructions and

objurgations in a strange language at one another and the "stones" (stones).

The London Scottish, who used to live in the old "Iron House," near the flagstaff, long since removed, claim that it was they who first played golf on Wimbledon Common and that Royal Wimbledon is an off-shoot.



The London Scottish Clubhouse, behind the famous old Windmill on Wimbledon Common.



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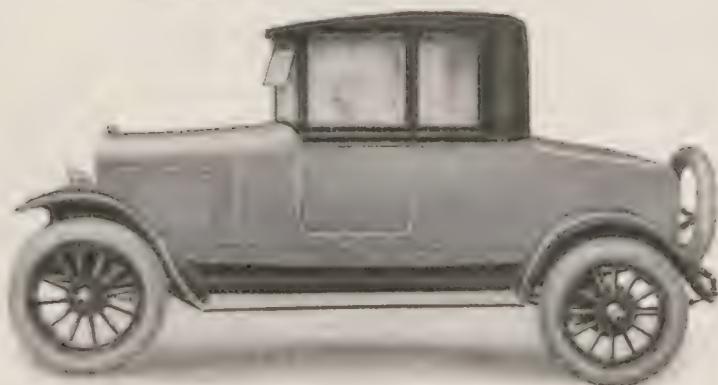
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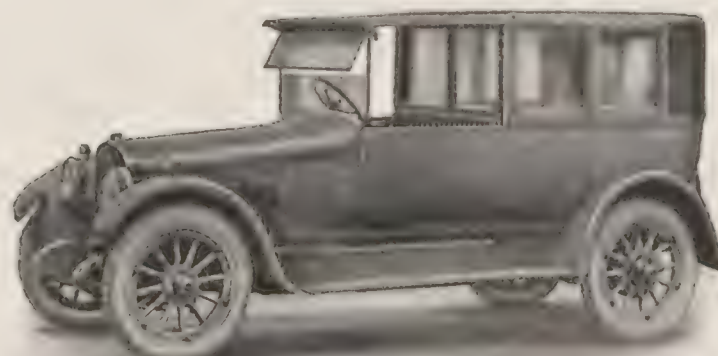
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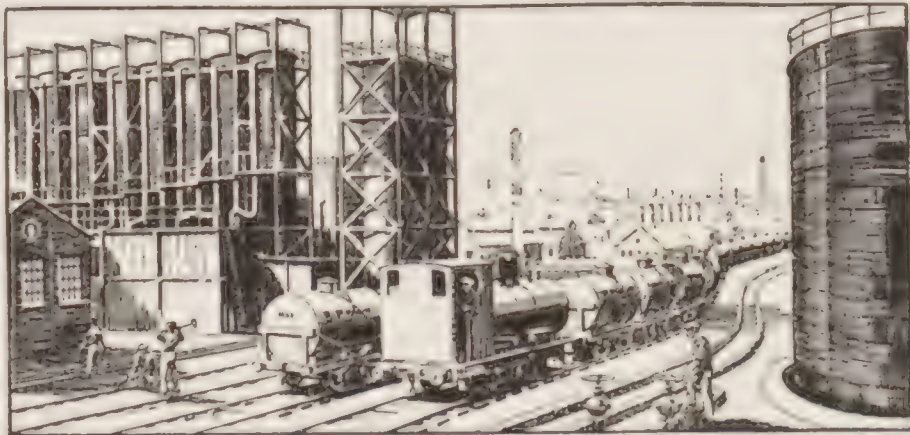
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W I N T E R A N D W I R E L E S S .

Exactly what is the value of wireless telephony as a pastime, or a distraction, will undoubtedly be indicated during the next three or four months, and the next season will also prove it as an attractive adjunct to motoring, or a matter for still further development

BY the time this issue of THE MOTOR-OWNER is published the long promised broadcasting service will surely have materialised, and at least those residing in the Home Counties will be enjoying long daily services of music, speech, and other entertainment from the air. Our Christmas festivities will be considerably influenced by wireless telephony, which will assuredly be a very keen competitor with the gramophone in regard to the provision of dance music. Dancing to wireless will have a spice of novelty which gramophone music cannot afford, for whereas in connection with gramophone music one has to rely upon a collection of records—many of which have been heard several times—wireless music, on the other hand, will generally be fresh, often consisting of up-to-date and unexpected selections.

The next three or four months will indicate exactly what is the value of wireless telephony as a pastime and a distraction, and whether it will be an attractive adjunct to motors during the next season. Very much will depend, in this connection, upon the quality of the services, but we think that this matter need cause no worry, as the Post Office authorities have all along been very insistent on nothing but good quality music etc., being transmitted—in fact a very strict ban has been put upon what has come to be known as “canned music.”

To a considerable number of motorists, the road, and the use of their motor vehicles, will have little or no attraction during the winter months, on average such motorists will use their vehicles only for definite journeys, where the motor car will be more comfortable and expeditious than other means of travel. Some of these motor users will undoubtedly miss the occupation they have been accustomed to find during their spare hours in tuning up and generally tending their vehicles, and in those cases,

where owners have mechanical minds which cry aloud for something mechanical to play with, possession of a wireless receiver will undoubtedly assist in filling the void.

It does not follow that because one possesses an efficient receiver it need be let alone by the mechanically minded owner. There will always be ways and possibilities of adding still further to its efficiency, while the possibilities in regard to successful and perhaps profitable experimental work are tremendous. The assembling of various adjuncts, such as condensers and so forth, can be a most fascinating winter evening pastime. In making up one's first condenser, for example, of course difficulties will be encountered; the vanes will obstinately refuse to swing clear of each other, but by the exercise of a little patience all such difficulties will be smoothed out, and any continuation of such work will be easier, once the preliminary difficulties have been met and overcome.

The work is not messy, greasy, or dirty, and can be done practically anywhere in the house, and the few tools necessary may be found in any representative motor car tool kit. In addition to making variable condensers the amateur may try his hand in making fixed condensers (which are really very simple little contrivances) and grid leaks, and as he progresses he may decide that he is able to undertake the making of a step-up or step-down transformer, preparatory to adding a high or low frequency valve to his receiver. In any event a small collection of extra parts of this kind will provide considerable fun in trying them out, by making various changes in circuits, or by adopting suggestions for improved circuits, as published from time to time in the wireless journals.

An excellent outlet for such energy would be to assemble a small one-valve receiver. This is quite a simple matter and will provide a very practical basis for interesting experi-

ments, besides which there are occasions, particularly when accumulator charging is difficult, when a single valve receiver is all that an experimenter requires, so that by using it, instead of a more pretentious set, the accumulator current will last longer.

With the arrival of broadcasting, which will of course be transmitted with ample power, the frame or indoor aerial may receive more attention. The indoor aerial has one great advantage over its outside type, in that a receiver can be perfectly mobile about the house, whereas a receiver attached to an outside aerial can never be used more than two or three yards away from the leading in connections. Another advantage of the frame aerial is that it ignores “jamming” by oscillating receivers. With the ample power promised by the broadcasting companies, the majority of wireless amateurs should be able with two or three valve receivers to receive perfectly well on a frame aerial. A receiver connected up to a frame aerial is entirely “foot free,” for no earth is necessary, and in cases of illness, where a patient may be entertained better than in any other way by the provision of a wireless receiver, it is a comparatively easy matter to take a receiver and frame aerial to the sick room, and, if the patient is able to do so, leave him to tune in and hear all that is passing through the ether.

If four or five valves are used with an inside aerial, then it becomes possible to employ a good loud speaker, thereby doing away with the necessity of wearing head-phones. The making of an indoor aerial is not a difficult matter, but at the same time they can be purchased ready for use for a very small outlay. After a successful winter's use, such an outfit will be ideal for use on the car during the summer.

It is noticeable that the wireless receiver, as used in the home, is developing towards an outfit similar

WHAT ARE THE WIRELESS WAVES SAYING?

to the gramophone cabinet, and there is much to be said for this kind of layout. Where a receiver has an open top it is always advisable to move at least the valves from their sockets after use. Whereas if a receiver is entirely enclosed under a lid it can be put into use in a few moments by the turning of one or two switches. It is possible that later on cabinets primarily intended for housing gramophones will be marketed for adaptation to wireless purposes, and as the average amateur will have no difficulty in stowing his receiver comfortably in the top portion of such a cabinet, and running the necessary connections, etc., to the two batteries, housed in the gramophone record cupboard, it is likely that this demand will soon be met.

It should also be possible, when utilising a gramophone cabinet in this fashion, to attach a tone arm in conjunction with the passage to the sound chamber, and use the cabinet as a loud speaker. This can easily be done by using a special holder for one telephone ear-piece, which can be attached to the end of the tone arm in place of the ordinary sound box. There is one very clever device known as the "Gramafix," which has been designed to convert gramophones into loud speakers, and recent tests of the attachment show that it is capable of giving quite good amplification. It is marketed by "B.N.D." Wireless, Ltd., 65, Renshaw St., Liverpool.

One great drawback to the open top receiver, arising out of the removal of the valves after use, is that one is apt to find on occasions that the receiver is not working up to its usual pitch of efficiency. The writer has experienced this rather puzzling pheno-

menon, and ultimately tracked the trouble down to the fact that valves are by no means "standard" in regard to their behaviour as high or low frequency or rectifying valves. It will generally be found that if the valves are changed around in their sockets one will reveal itself as a splendid low frequency amplifier. Another will be more suitable for high frequency, and a third will work best as a rectifier. For this reason it is very essential that when the best positions are found for valves, they should be carefully marked and always used in the same sockets. By this procedure uniform efficiency will be ensured.

It is possible, for example, to change the valves round and to find that the low frequency valve calls for a considerable amount of filament current before it will start work, whereas a change over will produce a valve which will "pick up" and amplify with nearly all the filament resistance in. This is a point well worth watching, because it may mean economy of accumulator current.

Valves in wrong positions can lead

the user to believe that an accumulator is on the point of discharge. It is difficult to provide against this variation in valves by testing before purchase. It may sometimes, however, be possible to obtain from a dealer a valve which he knows is best suited for the particular purpose desired. Failing such facilities it is good practice always to have at least a couple of extra valves in reserve, and apart from all other considerations it is always well to have at least one in reserve in case a valve goes out of operation during a reception.

With regard to the choice of valves it is difficult to give definite advice. The writer has tried several types, and although much experience has been obtained such experience is of little value to others, for the reason that local conditions arising out of the situation and direction of aërials, the peculiar idiosyncrasies of receivers, and many other factors, render it extremely difficult to lay down any definite rules in regard to which is the best type of valve for any given type of receiver. As a rule, however, makers of receivers are able

to give their customers fairly safe guidance as to what valves will give best results.

The broadcasting licences can now be obtained at the post offices, but the juvenile enthusiasts have probably had the disappointment of their lives by the discovery that they are not entitled to hold the necessary licences for working their modest crystal or single valve sets. This difficulty, however, will possibly be got over by permitting parents to be licence holders on their behalf. With regard to the licensing of home-made sets, it is now the general belief that any owner will be qualified to obtain a licence.



"WHAT are the wireless waves saying?" In our last issue we offered a prize of a "Motor-Owner" mascot—or any similar little memento—for the best title to this picture. Ladies and gentlemen, we regret to say that your efforts so far are more concerned with quantity than quality. Therefore we leave it open over the Christmas holidays. So try again, please. We admit it's a difficult title to find, but that adds to the fun.

MATTERS OF FEMININE MOMENT.

The Christmas period makes abnormal demands on the wardrobe, yet the problem is one that has to be faced alike by hostess and guest. Then there is the great annual query "What shall I give?" In all these matters Fashion has her say, and we offer a little inside information on these absorbing topics.

THERE was surely never a time when women required to be more adaptable creatures than the present, and perhaps in December they are required to play even more parts than at any other time of the year. Few actresses have to cover a wider repertory than, for instance, the hostess of a big Christmas house-party.

Such a hostess, if she is wise, will have made all arrangements for her own wardrobe early in December, so as to leave herself free, not only for her household organisation, but for the usually disorganised attire of the younger generation. These will arrive breathless with excitement about December the twentieth, by no means "All dressed up and nowhere to go!" but with plenty of parties and "no clothes to wear!"

The golfing costume portrayed by our artist this month is equally suitable for motoring—worn under a fur coat—or for a country walk. The coat is a veritable inspiration of comfort and smartness, losing none of its attractive feminine outline although thoroughly practical with its pleated back, to allow full swing to the shoulders. An invaluable possession at the present season is a cosy housefrock, for afternoon or morning wear. Illustrated is one in velour, cut on the simplest French lines, with the waist at a becoming hip level, and completed by a long sash with fringed ends. A fur-trimmed costume, and one or two evening gowns will leave our hostess reasonably free to consider the pressing details of Christmas amusements and catering, to say nothing of her personal shopping. Undoubtedly the most important matters in good dressing are the innumerable accessories, and it is pleasant from a practical point of view to find that the latest designs in shoes are quite the most comfortable as well as becoming that we have seen for a long time. Even in Paris this season, heels are being worn a little less high than last year, and thanks to that wonderful depth, and

support, provided by the arched instep of the French last, one can walk easily almost any distance in the new models.

The variety in materials for frocks becomes positively bewildering. The craze for velvets has overflowed into wonderful themes and variations of brocaded chiffon velvets, or the softest satins contrasting with a design of panne velvet in some brilliant colour. Many frocks are quietly abandoning the severity of last year's modes, and are embroidered or beaded heavily, on thick crêpe-de-Chine, georgette or net. Gorgeous designs in metal tissues are also being used in combination with valuable lace. Very successful with the softer materials for day or evening wear is the hanging cape, falling from the shoulders down the back of the gown to the waist—or in the case of tea frocks and rest gowns—even to the hem of the gown. On frocks of crisper material, like taffetas, long streamers



IN the dark and dreary months of the year, the colour scheme of the hat is of even more importance than in normal times. The Zyrat model here shown is made of thick ribbed brown silk, trimmed shaded brown, and with mole glycerined ostrich feathers, which hang becomingly over the small mushroom brim. These hats are peculiarly charming when worn with fur coats and collars, as the backs are cut short. Other fashionable types of the moment are duvetyne and coloured velvet turbans trimmed with small coloured birds.

are worn, slipped through the décolletage and sleeve, or even below the waist, through special slots in the skirt, and knotted or tied in a loose bow at the side. Quite a number of models show little close posies of silk flowers, gaily coloured and reminiscent of a country wedding bouquet.

For those fortunates who have still a certain amount of leisure, it is often quite a hobby to start preparing Christmas presents considerably in advance, and all sorts of leather work is popular at the present time. Delightful little bags, bookcovers, mocassin bedroom-slippers, scarves and hats can be made from coloured suède, by those who have the instinct for fine craftsmanship. Since however, for a number of people life is something of a compromise in this direction, and at Christmas time "spare minutes" become more and more precious in their scarcity, a happy inspiration for a "family" present lies in a length of the new embroidered organdies or lawn, in a dainty shade. An evening's work after dinner will transform this into the most attractive little undies, either cami-knickers or chemise and pantaloons. The edge of the embroidery, of course, completes the top edge for the first two garments, and the knicker leg in the latter. For the lower edge of the chemise net may be used, little shamrocks or roses can be appliquéd at intervals, cut out of the spare bits of organdie, and sewn with a thread to match the original embroidery.

But delightful as a "grown-up" Christmas may be, there is no getting away from the fact that it is primarily a children's day, and most to be envied are those households that possess, or can borrow, a nursery full of kiddies. At least we are privileged to share some of the day's glories with them. And who in their heart of hearts remembers without a thrill, the first touch of a fat crackly stocking at about six o'clock on a Christmas morning? How intense the wonder of a Christmas pudding with real fire nobly crowning the dish.

F A S H I O N A B L E F O R T H E F A I R .

F A I



THE golfing costume portrayed by our artist this month is equally suitable for motoring—worn under a fur coat—or for a country walk. The coat, made of amber-coloured tweed, is cut with pleats in back to allow for swing, whilst the skirt of smart check introduces gold-red and brown tones. Trimmed with ribbon, with bow at side, the hat is made of brown chenille. The charming afternoon or morning dress illustrated below, is of beaver-coloured velour cloth, trimmed with a Kolinsky fur collar, and brown buttons—portraying the supremacy of the slender silhouette. The hat is of brown velvet, trimmed with a large bow.



THE varie comes post are quietly at models and as on thick crép trated is one broidered in s back. On the shaped coat is, and cuffs are of velvet to m side with a le end. The wre in this costum

F I R . F A R E F O R T H E F A S H I O N . A B L E .

THE variety in materials for frocks becomes positively bewildering. Many frocks are quietly abandoning the severity of last year's models and are embroidered, or beaded heavily, on thick crêpe-de-chin, gauze or net. Illustrated is a new model of crêpe-de-chin, embroidered in silk, with graceful cape effect at back. On the right is portrayed a new straight shaped coat in deep crimson velour. The collar and cuffs are of sable dyed squirrel, and the hat, of velvet to match the costume, is trimmed at the side with a large cartwheel rosette and pointed end. The wrap-over skirt is quite a new feature in this costume, as it gives freedom for walking.



FIFTY THOUSAND MILES OF MOTORING ALONG STRANGE ROADS AND THROUGH MANY COUNTRIES.

Mrs. Alec Tweedie, the Well-known Traveller, Chats with Mr. Clive Holland Concerning her Travel Experiences.

IT is some years ago since, until the other day, we last met Mrs. Alec Tweedie, whose travel and other books have been the delight of thousands of readers in all parts of the world, and whose journeyings have during the last twenty years enabled her to see much of interest and meet with many types and people. On the occasion to which we refer she was engaged in inveigling her friends and other distinguished people to place their autographs upon a white afternoon tea cloth of ample proportions. One of her famous table cloths which afterwards afforded her good material for her book *My Table Cloths*. She has our signature among many others.

The other day we found ourselves in her London flat, in Whitehall Court, chatting to her about her world wanderings. We were surrounded by all the signs of a "big push," for Mrs. Tweedie told us she was just packing up—she laid the necessity for doing so upon the late Government, its extravagance and high taxation—preparatory to a flight across Channel to the South of France and Italy, and later on in the spring to Hungary, Bulgaria, Roumania, and then possibly on to China. She has taken up painting with zest since the war, and intends to paint during the coming winter amid the palms, orange trees, and olive groves of the South. One envies her.

When one remembers that she has taken a very active part in public life and is identified with the administrative work of quite a number of societies one wonders how she can get away. But she does, and has managed to cover a great part of the civilised and some of the uncivilised world in her travels.

"Where have I been?" She repeated one of our first ques-

tions with a smile. "Almost everywhere. And I hope before a year is gone to reduce the list of countries I have not yet seen to still smaller proportions."

"I have motored in every clime. Of course I have had adventures, and sometimes thrilling ones. These can be had in Mexico for example. On one of my visits the country was "disturbed"—that is the term generally employed—and I was warned that the promiscuous kind of shooting which goes on when Mexicans are "disturbed" might be awkward, if not dangerous. The mere prospect added a spice of adventure which did not develop, however, as one might have wished.

Even America, which I know well, can provide thrills. On the vast plains out West. But there is one car that comes out right on top—don't smile, it is a very cheap sort of car—and that is the 'Ford.' I have been in tight corners with my 'Ford,' which, by the way, has a neat and convenient sort of taxi-cab English-made body, in which I do a lot of my painting when travelling, and so far as my experience goes I plump for a 'Ford' for rough work and reliability every time.

"In the Argentine, where I was for a time, the 'Ford' type of car is a necessity. Except Buenos Aires and in the few big towns, roads, as we understand the term, are non-existent. One just has to run over the prairies. Not such bad going as one would imagine, but necessitating a 'tough' type of car, and one with a high chassis. I have often wondered—no doubt there is a reason—why English makers do not seriously compete in South America, and especially in the Argentine, with the Americans in the marketing of a car of moderate size and cost, which is especially suited to rough usages."

"Did you like motoring out there?" we asked.

"English people who go motoring for the sake of riding, and not because they want to see things, would, I fancy, hate it. As I have said, the roads are bad or non-existent, and the inns of the country rough. No, on the whole I disliked the Argentine. There is plenty of money about, but that sometimes brings into existence objectionable things and characteristics. I found this to be the case."

With a memory of Spanish roads, and even possible brigands in the frontier districts of the Pyrenees, and that Spanish authorities are anxious



MRS. ALEC TWEEDIE at home. She has written a score or so of books, dealing with her wide travels, her friends, and women of other countries. When in London she is much seen in Society, and literary and artistic circles. (Photograph by Sarony.)

PICTURING THE PICTURESQUE.



A trip up the Nile, one of Mrs. Tweedie's experiences, is wonderful. The rowers of the dahabeah are picturesque, the restfulness delightful, and the scenery intriguing.



In South America, except in the towns, motor roads as we know them are non-existent. Here is the "country" over which one must motor. It is very romantic, but trying.



CONSTANTINOPLE and the Bosphorus are destined in the near future to attract much attention. This City of Islam is so beautifully situated that in certain lights it is like a dream city of the Arabian Nights. The Golden Horn has a pleasant sound, but squalor and loveliness go hand in hand, and romance cannot hide its tragedy.



The Argentine is still largely an undeveloped country. In the coastal towns there is a large alien population. The interior affords motorists exciting experiences. Roads are often little more than tracks (left). The Balkans have better roads than one might expect. The scenery is by turns wild and beautiful. The peasants are half-civilised, picturesque and often of fine physique (right). The photos. are by C. Holland, and Underwoods.



to encourage touring motorists and develop motoring, we asked Mrs. Tweedie of her own experience.

"Spain will some day be as much frequented by the more enterprising type of motorist as is France. There, for many years to come, will be just that element of adventure and surprise that give a flavour to touring in an unknown country. But the main roads are far better than they used to be, and as for the inns—although the accommodation is still somewhat rough in the villages and smaller towns—they have wonderfully improved since pre-war days. I can conceive of few more interesting tours than through South-Western France to Bordeaux, Bayonne, Biarritz, and thence southward to Madrid and the picturesque country which lies between the Spanish frontier along the north sea coast and its capital city."

Mrs. Tweedie fled on a long ramble for some 50,000 miles almost as soon as the Armistice was signed. She had lost one of her two boys, Leslie, who was a lieutenant in the R.F.A. and was killed near Loos in 1916. She needed rest from the strain of war. Her mother in despair on being asked what she advised said: "You used to paint quite well as a little girl, why not take it up again and go on a painting expedition?"

"Yes," she said, "the idea intrigued me, and I decided to go off and paint." Incidentally, the "idea" took her many thousands of miles, through France, Spain, Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Greece, India, the Sudan, Central Africa, and a few other places.

"On the map," said Mrs. Tweedie, "it looks a strange sort of untidy journey, very much like a cross in shape. From Spain in the West it goes to the Himalayas in the East. From the Bosphorus in the North to Rajah in the South. Most of which journeyings I have just made into my book *Mainly East*."

In connection with her Spanish visit Mrs. Tweedie tells a strange story. She believes that in common with many other folk of Scotch descent she possesses the gift of second sight, and premonition.

On a certain Sunday in March, 1919, she woke up very miserable in a small Spanish fishing village. She had a feeling of terrible depression and that something very serious had happened. She struggled all the morning with the depression. Then she decided to look out some of the coloured drawings she had made at San Sebastian and post

them with a letter to her mother, who would, she knew, be interested to see them. So Mrs. Tweedie looked out the drawings, packed them up, wrote a letter, and endeavoured to send them off at once by registered post. She felt that there was urgency. But she found she could not register on Sunday, and so the parcel was delayed. At the end of the week a wire was put in her hands telling her that her mother, to whom she was devoted, had passed away on the Sunday morning after a day or two's illness.

Mrs. Tweedie gave us several vivid descriptions of Palestine and of the Sinai Peninsula. Kantara was an awful place during the war years—a training camp for close on a million men all told, drawn from the Antipodes, India, and other parts of the Empire.

If one wanted to cross the canal at this point to go north to Jerusalem or Damascus in pre-war days one had to go by a tiresome ferry. Then came the war and the needs of a vast army, and Kantara Bridge was built. At the end of the war the French, who practically control the Canal, decided that the bridge must go. It interfered, said they, with shipping, although it was a swing bridge through which many ships were able to pass daily. So it was demolished, and the old tiresome time-wasting ferry instituted. So goes the dream of a railway journey from the Cape to Aleppo by way of the Sudan, Egypt, Jerusalem and Damascus.

Mrs. Tweedie, in common with many other motorists who have travelled in Egypt and Morocco, awaits with interest the experiments that are being made by a French firm to provide "caterpillar" cars; which, it is hoped, will make motoring in the Desert a possibility, and certainly serve as a means of desert transport to open up the remote places served nowadays, as they have been since the time when the world was young, by camel caravans.

Mrs. Tweedie had many strange experiences in India. She motored, of course. We cannot say in how many cars belonging to native princes she did not ride, nor how many Government cars did not take her along "Trunk" roads that compared not unfavourably with our own highways.

She says, however, with all its delights of the eye and senses, its history and romance, India is a bad country for young people of both sexes, in which they dance, play polo, tennis, and flirt,

but too seldom marry happily. She puts this fact down to "too many servants and too much comfort to start life with, and too many amusements and distractions to allow them to acquire a love of home. It is the land of youth and enjoyment, and of a riot of gaiety."

While in India one morning Mrs. Tweedie was astonished, while dressing for *tiffin* after a long journey, by the announcement made by the house steward of the Rajah of Kapurthala, "Your elephant is at the door, Mrs. Alec Tweedie."

She was staying at the palace of the Rajah with a lady friend, a Mrs. Kaye. Mrs. Tweedie told us, "I almost gasped. One is accustomed to hear at home, the taxi is at the door, or the car is at the door; but an elephant!"

Eastern cities are, by reason of their ill-kept streets and narrow alleys, generally unfitted for motor traffic. Nor do Eastern peoples in their own lands yet take kindly to "the snorting devil" machines.

Mrs. Tweedie, as have been all other travellers who have been in Damascus, was amused and amazed by the number and variety of the street cries. One struck her especially, that of the orange sellers who cry out: "Salutations. Ye oranges. I beg your pardon, O tangerines."

The tangerine is, by the way, called Yusef Effendi, or Mr. Joseph. It is said because its skin (or coat) is as easily peeled off as was Joseph's of many colours!

She is a supporter of an Anglo-Franco-American Alliance or pact. Mrs. Tweedie says: "I love America," where she spent some months, "her women, her oysters, her grape-fruit, her rivers, her roses, her express elevators, and her quaint ways; her eager life, her kindness to the stranger within her gates, and—dare I say it—her serene satisfaction with all and everything American."

All the while she was talking Mrs. Tweedie was busy with one thing or another, for it is no light matter to unfurnish in a week a luxurious flat crammed full of travel souvenirs and inherited treasures, valuable tapestry of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, pictures, books (many of them presentation copies), and all the hundred and one things which go to the making of a cultured, travelled, and artistic woman's home.

But she is hurrying South before the snows are deep on the Alpes Maritimes, and their beautiful roads and passes.

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DO YOU WANT A NICE ESTATE, SIR?

Most of us are fond of picturing mentally the type of estate we should like—when our ship comes home! Some particularly interesting propositions are on the market at the present time—and at quite reasonable figures.

ONE of the best known of the Belgian Coast hotels has come into the estate market, and is to be offered for sale in London during December. This is the Hotel de la Plage, at Middelkerke, near Ostend. It is an imposing building on the sea front, within about six hours' journey of London, and is within easy reach of many of the famous battlefields. Roulers, Dixmude, Passchendale, Menin, and Ypres are all within motoring distance. The freehold comes under the hammer of Messrs. Constable and Maude, at the Mart, on December 20th.

Amongst the properties advertised in this month's Estate Section by Messrs. Hampton and Sons are one of Cheshire's most famous homes, standing high on gravel in a small well-wooded park, yet moderate as to acreage, upkeep, and accommodation, having the usual appurtenances of a country house of taste and refinement; an exceptionally choice freehold property, close to golf links and in excellent condition, with all modern conveniences and delightful garden, in a favourite and very accessible district, with frequent train service to City and West End; a very charming residence on high ground, with beautiful pleasure grounds of $5\frac{1}{2}$ acres, situate close to Windsor Park, and several first-class golf courses; and a beautiful home for busy City man, standing on high ground enjoying delightful views in beautiful order, and tastefully decorated. Practically on golf course, it is within half an hour from Town. Also there is a fine stone-built residence amidst lovely scenery, south aspect overlooking the Wye, and with well laid out grounds of about 40 acres, together with salmon and trout fishing.

The following recent sales:—Sherfield Hall, Hants; "Timberham," Surrey; "Hurstleigh," Pinner; The New House, Chobham; "Bramlyns," Horsham; and a property at Gravesend, are reported by Messrs. Mabbett and Edge, of Mount Street, London; while the same agents are instructed

to submit to public auction, at a low figure, early in 1923 (unless sold previously by private treaty), Lea House, Malmesbury, Wiltshire, being an unusually well-appointed hunting box, together with 19 acres. They are also acting solely regarding a miniature Estate in Kent, including a gentleman's sixteenth century black and white residence, modernised and restored. This property extends to 155 acres, and is offered at £3,750.

Of their properties advertised in this month's issue, Messrs. Harrods would draw special attention to the fascinating residence close to Berkhamstead golf links, offered at the moderate price of £8,500. This residence contains many interesting features and is full of oak beams. It is altogether confidently recommended. A freehold residence, together with $9\frac{1}{2}$ acres on the Surrey hills, is also offered; or the residence would be sold with a smaller area if desired.

Several very attractive properties, including two at Woking, The Castle House, Horsell, and Cross Lanes Farm, have recently been sold by Messrs. Norfolk and Prior. The former comprises an exceptionally attractive and perfectly appointed modern residence, incorporating an early Tudor farmhouse with well-designed modern additions. All modern conveniences have been installed, and the property includes a lodge, cottage, garage and stabling, and particularly attractive well-timbered gardens of about $3\frac{1}{2}$ acres. The second, a charming old-world residence, originally a picturesque farmhouse, dating from the seventeenth century, presents an interesting elevation of brick, plaster and half-timber work, whilst internally there is a wealth of exposed beams in walls and ceilings. The whole is in perfect repair, and every modern labour-saving device has been installed.

Messrs. Norfolk and Prior inform us that to meet the growing demands of their business they have acquired the lease of spacious ground floor offices

at 20, Berkeley Street, Piccadilly, W., to which they will shortly remove, and there, after Christmas next, will carry on their practice as agents for town houses, flats, etc.

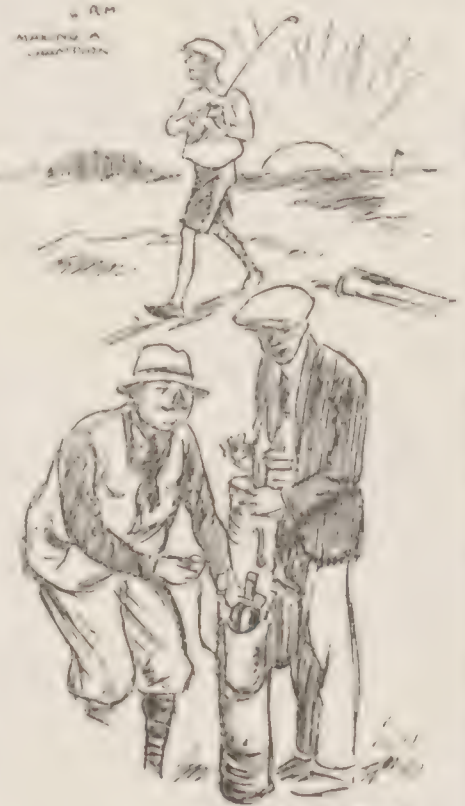
It is difficult to-day to acquire properties with gardens leading directly on to the fairways of first-class golf courses. Messrs. Atherton & Co. are fortunate in offering for sale by private treaty two such properties, referred to in their advertisement in this issue. "Tile House," the garden of which adjoins the fourteenth green and fairway of the Worplesdon Golf Course, is a charming little country house, conveniently arranged on two floors only, with delightful grounds of $1\frac{3}{4}$ acres, and commands extensive views. The other is "The Crossways," Hook Heath, adjoining the seventeenth fairway, and with grand views over the famous Woking Golf Course to the Fox Hills. This is a very artistically designed and expensively fitted residence, with 3 reception-rooms and a very fine billiard-room, complete domestic offices, 9 bed and dressing-rooms, 2 bathrooms, stabling, garage and $1\frac{3}{4}$ acres of lovely grounds. Both properties are soundly built, in excellent state of repair, and are situated in unique positions for the keen golfer.

A freehold waterside factory at Ware, having a floor area of 25,000 square feet and a total area of over an acre, with railway siding and cottages, will be submitted, with possession, on December 7th, and a vacant freehold house and a quarter of an acre in Normanton Road, South Croydon, known as Mullyon, is for sale on December 14th. With these Messrs. Goddard and Smith will also sell, on behalf of mortgagees, Knightsbridge, leaseholds, Nos. 13-27 (odd and inclusive), Brompton Road, with a long additional frontage to Basil Street. The tenants include well-known firms, and the rentals amount to £9,950 a year. The direct lease is for seventy years unexpired, at a ground rent of £3,700 a year.

FORE!



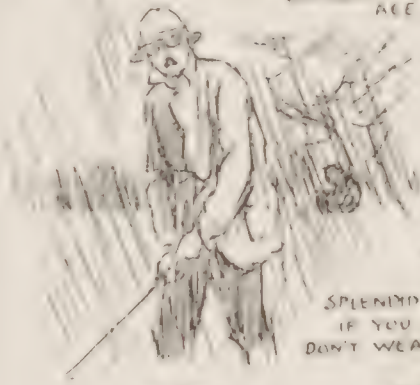
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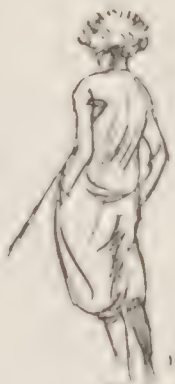
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WHEN FOUR THOUSAND HERRINGS WERE AN ANNUAL RENTAL.

SHALL WE RUN TO BRIGHTON?

By Maude Teevan.

Most motorists have said that and given effect to their words. But this article is something different. The authoress takes you on a most interesting trip into the heart of Brighton's historical associations.

BRIGHTON appears such a very modern town to motorists that it may interest some of them to know the place is mentioned in Domesday Book; "Bristelmestune" was then valued at twelve pounds, and four thousand herrings were paid as yearly rent!

A writer on coaching days once said that "a peculiar flavour of the Regency lingers about the record of the Brighton road . . . it is a record of Bucks, with stupendous stocks and hats with weirdly curly brims . . . a record of the great George himself, repairing to the health resort which his Royal penetration had discovered, and repairing thither in a coach and four, at the rate of fifty-six round miles in four hours and a half." The Prince suffered from swollen neck glands, and so invented the "stupendous stock" which immediately became the fashion, and went to Brighton—famous then for its sea bathing.

Until the Regent's time, Brighton (or Brighthelmston, as it was then spelt) was only a small fishing town on the Sussex coast, with very bad roads leading to it. Unlike most towns on the South Coast, it seems to have suffered very little at the hands of raiders until 1514 when, an old account says, "the warres still contynewyng between England and France, Prior Jhon, great Capitaine of the French navy, with his galleys . . . and great artillery, came in the border of Sussex, and came a-land at a poore village in Sussex called Bright Helmston, and ere the

watch coulde him esaye, he sett fyer on the towne and toke such poore goodes as he founde," but the watch fired beacons to summon the people, so at daybreak Prior Jhon blew a trumpet to collect his men, and they fled, their speed being marvellously accelerated by the Englishmen's arrows, one of which struck Prior Jhon in the head; so that he was "like to have dyed," but "he made an image of wax, with the English arrow in the face for a myracle, and offered it to Our Lady at Bollyn." So he evidently recovered and escaped to Boulogne.

This raid on Brighton was repaid with interest, for the "lord admirable of England sent Sir Jhon Wallop to sea . . . with diverse English shippes to the coast of Normandy where he burnt several villages and towns . . . and altogether did quit himself so that men marvelled of his enterprise." The schoolboy term "to wallop" is

said to come down to us from this gallant Jhon's adventure!

A small fort was afterwards built between Black Lion Street and Ship Street, with a gun garden and battery facing the sea; it served as a protection to the town for about 200 years. The flagstaff opposite the Grand Hotel marks the site.

There is an interesting paper in the British Museum, by Colonel Gounter, of Racton, of Charles II's adventure and flight after his defeat at Worcester, in 1651; and finally his escape in Captain Tattersell's brig from Shoreham. The King and his friends sheltered one evening in the house of Colonel Phillips's sister, "in a little parlour, where there was a good fire—this was about candle lighting" (time) . . . "wine, ale, and biscuits was set before them with a very cheerful countenance, as though the king's presence had some secret influence upon her, who suspected not that

a king was present." While half way through supper, "being all seated promiscuously at a round table," in came the host. "This is brave," said he; "a man can no sooner be out of the way, but his house must be taken up with he knows not whom," . . . and peering into the king's face, added, "Here's a Roundhead!" Colonel Phillips managed to get the "Roundhead" out of the company and up to a bedroom, where the king slept well, after his ride of forty miles, and on the 14th of October, with some food in their pockets, the fugitives set



The Pavilion, Brighton, showing the Memorial Gateway.

off for Brighton, narrowly escaping the Governor of Arundel Castle, who was out hunting. After bread and cheese at an ale house at Houghton (this inn is still in existence, and is worth a short run from Brighton), they crossed the Arun, and went on to Bramber, where they ran into a party of Cromwell's soldiers guarding the bridge at Beeding, but, pressing on boldly, passed them unrecognised. However, the soldiers, forty in number, overtook them in a narrow lane, pushing by so roughly that they could hardly keep their saddles. So Beeding was considered unsafe, and the king found shelter nearer the coast (Gounter does not say where), while his friend rode on to Brighton, to make final arrangements with Captain Tattersell about taking the king across the Channel to Fécamp, keeping some horses in readiness in case their plans failed. Gounter took the best room at an inn, and a glass of wine, and was joined shortly by the king, who was the most cheerful amongst them at supper, though his friends trembled for his safety when Tattersell told them his "brig was aground in the mud!"

With what leaden feet must the hours have dragged by till the tide and wind had changed! At last the Captain said he could take the king on board at two in the morning. They left Shoreham at eight, "but it was afternoon before the ship was out of sight." They landed safely at Fécamp next morning. Gounter had not "gone out of Bright-helmstone above two hours before soldiers came thither to search for a tall black man six feet two inches high." There is an epitaph on Tattersell in Brighton Parish Church which contains these lines:

"When Charles ye
Great was nothing
but a breath,
This valiant soul
stept betweene
him and death.
* * *

Which glorious act
of his for Church
and State
Eight princes in one
day did gratulate."
It does not mention

his pocket, but he accepted £200 for insurance, and £60 for taking the king across.

The "King's Head" in West Street claims to be the inn where Charles rested for a few hours before sailing; but most authorities think the inn was the "George"—now demolished—in Middle Street.

By 1770 Brighton had only six or seven principal streets and several narrow lanes, or "twittens," and a few years later, while its population was only 7,000, it had forty-one inns and public-houses! Some of these were very old, and the state of the roads into the town so bad that very few people cared to undertake the journey down from London. Horace Walpole in 1749 cursed the curiosity which tempted him to travel in Sussex, where he found "neither road, inns, postilions or horses," and he said the people were savages!

The Prince Regent (afterwards George IV) first went to Brighton in 1783, spending his time in bathing, hunting, shooting, etc., etc.—mostly the etceteras!

Smuggling was still a favourite pastime, and various goods were sold in the old shops at a high price because they were supposed to be "smuggled"; they were put up for auction and sold by "the rattling of dice."

In 1776 a chaise was brought to Brighton from Dieppe, with the

cushion stuffed with over £1,000 worth of lace; and a Frenchman selling loaves on the Steine aroused suspicion by asking such a high price for his bread that he was arrested, and the loaves on being opened by the Revenue officers were found to be stuffed with lace!

By this time Brighton was easily the most favourite watering-place in Europe; the coaching roads to it were improved and eventually became the finest in England. The Prince built the Pavilion (a part only of the present building) as a summer palace in the Chinese style; it was afterwards sold to the town of Brighton for £35,000.

Amongst the inns, the "Old Ship" is one of the few old ones left; it was the Ship Tavern then, and shared with the Castle Inn (now no longer in existence) the social festivities of the day. The oldest part of the Ship is in Ship Street; the two houses on the front were added many years later.

Thackeray was fond of Brighton, and takes most of his characters there in *Vanity Fair*. It was at "The Ship" that Becky Sharp, the "girl with the green eyes, fair hair, pretty figure and famous frontal development," and her husband, "that damned fool, Rawdon Crawley," spent some days with Amelia and George Osborne on their honeymoon at

"Brighton, that always looks brisk, gay and gaudy like a harlequin's jacket . . . with its swarm of human life." While the women drove to Rottingdean, the men thought they would go and "have some jellies at Dutton's; there's a devilish fine gal at Dutton's"; and they met the Lightning coach which brought down their friend and brother officer, Dobbin, with the news that Napoleon had escaped and war broken out again. So our friends left Brighton hurriedly to join their regiment at Chatham *en route* for Ostend—and Waterloo.



A scene in the solitude of Sussex Downs.



The "Marlborough" Landaulet £875 at Works

THE SUCCESS OF THE SHOW

THE magnetic pole of the Show was the Austin Twenty "Mayfair" limousine and landaulet saloon cars selling at £975, a superb piece of engineering and coachwork. Equally keen interest was manifest—at the Oxford Street Showrooms—in the popular "Marlborough" landaulet, a splendid car for town or country seat and of proved merit, selling at £875. Write for the Olympia coloured catalogue describing the range of eight closed cars, from £600 at works.

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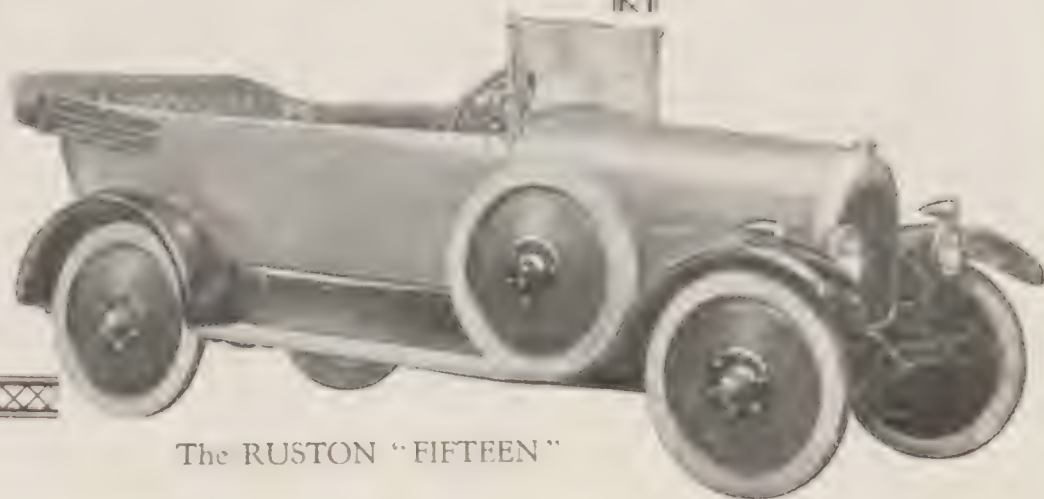
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WHERE NAPOLEON SIGNED HIS ABDICATION.

SOUTH IN SEARCH OF SUNSHINE.

*Through the Heart of France from the City of Pleasure to the City
of the Popes and the Azure Sea.*

By Clive Holland.

PART I.

LUCKY indeed is the motorist who can flee from November fog, cross the Channel, and six hours or so later find himself in Paris, where, a night or two passed, he is ready for that delightful run to the South, with its palms, orange groves, azure sea, and winter sunshine.

The roads on the whole leave little to be desired when once one is clear of the *pavé* on the outskirts of Paris.

Mélun, 40k. (25 m.), is the first town of any consequence after leaving Paris.

It stands on the Seine, and is picturesque. The eleventh-century church of Notre Dame, which is the dominating feature of the island in the Seine, bisected by the Grande Rue St. Étienne leading through the town to the road for Fontainebleau and Montargis, and the Tour de César, a relic of the King's castle destroyed in 1740, are notable. It was from Mélun that the English were expelled by Joan of Arc in the middle of the fifteenth century, and about the ancient town there still clings a halo of romance.

On the very outskirts of the suburbs one's road runs into the far-famed forest of Fontainebleau, in autumn a blaze of colour, and golden with its carpet of falling leaves, happily no longer, as in ancient times, the haunt of wolves in winter. Fontainebleau, 55 k. (34 m.), is a straggling town which grew up as a sort of excrescence attached to the huge and wonderful palace built by François I., that noted builder of Renaissance palaces, and succeeding monarchs. The town need not detain one, if one has seen the palace and that romantic relic of

Napoleon Bonaparte, the small round table upon which he signed his abdication, and the famous horseshoe staircase, where he said "Good-bye" to the weeping soldiers of his Old Guard; but a lunch at the famous hostelry of Du Cadran Bleu will not be amiss.

The road to Nemours, 70 k. (43½ m.), is good and level. There are a fine Gothic and Renaissance collegiate church, and a twelfth to fifteenth century chateau to be seen, whose circular towers and conical roofs form a striking feature of the little town. One enters by the road passing to the west of the Loing, which flows on southwards to Montargis close to the road in many places.

As one approaches Souppes, a small hamlet with a twelfth-century church, the scenery changes. On the left one sees on the grass-clad slopes great isolated masses of rocks, such as lie scattered throughout the Forest of Fontainebleau, and on the right is the little valley of the Loing with its

pretty mills and weirs. In spring and autumn this stretch of road with its low, wooded hills is delightful with the varied tints of the trees in contrast to the vivid green of the grass in the foreground. The rocky slopes are covered with juniper bushes, and in the heat of summer the pines scent the air.

Montargis, 102 k. (63½ m.), is reached through wooded country, and it will be noted that mistletoe grows in wonderful profusion in this district right from Moulins. On the approach of Christmas the peasants are busy gathering it in huge quantities for the English market.

The approach to Montargis is through the western side of a forest which bears the name of the town, which was strongly fortified in the Middle Ages, and during the Hundred Years' War successfully resisted the English, who were commanded by the Earl of Warwick. Of these fortifications only a couple of circular towers remain. The twelfth-century chateau, known at one time by the title of "Le Berceau des Enfants de France" ("The Cradle of the Children of France") from the custom of the French queens coming to it, prior to the reign of François I., when expecting to have children, has disappeared, save for its old gateway.

The church, with a fine twelfth-century nave, beautiful west front, and unusually designed and graceful choir, built between the middle of the fifteenth and early years of the sixteenth centuries, should be seen. Altogether the town is quaint, and worth a few hours' pause.

The canal connecting Briare with the Loing passes through the town,



One may well halt a day at La Charité, a town of great historic interest with many fine old houses.

IN THE LAND OF BOURBON HISTORY.



Nevers, standing on the Loire, is a picturesque town with much history woven into its fabric from Roman times. The ancient walls and fortifications date from the eleventh century. As one



The road to Moulins is delightful, and when one enters the ancient town, which stands above the River Allier, one remembers that it played an important part in the

history of the Bourbons, whose Dukes had a castle here. The fragments tower above the river, a mere ghost of former greatness. The Tour de l'Horloge dates from 1463.

As one leaves the town going southward this is the fine view one obtains of the Cathedral of St. Cyr, with its many architectural interests and beautiful twelfth century nave, and fourteenth century ambulatory.

HISTORICAL PEEPS IN SOUTHERN FRANCE.

which was formerly surrounded by marshy land, but is now well drained.

Briare, 143 k. (88 m.), is reached by way of Mormant, Nogent-sur-Vernisson and La Boussière, an old-fashioned and picturesque village. The road is level until the approach to Briare, where there is a rather steep decline. The town is uninteresting, noted for its button manufactories, and stands on the site of a Roman settlement. There is, however, a quaint Hôtel de France, with a picturesque courtyard, where one can comfortably stay to lunch or dine.

A few kilometres out of Briare one touches the River Loire at Bonny-sur-Loire, the church of which has an extraordinary spire. The road follows the river, and is level to Cosne, 174 k. (107½ m.), which is a bustling town with considerable iron foundries. The church of St. Aignan is worth seeing on account of its fine Romanesque apse, and west door. Pope Pius VII. stayed at the Hôtel du Grand Cerf.

There is a long climb up of about 4 k. on leaving Cosne for Pouilly, 189 k. (117 m.), a bright little town, quaint with high-pitched roofs, and stone walls, the latter bright in summer with scarlet and pink valerian, stone crop and other flowers. The district is rather famous for its white wine. There is a sixteenth-seventeenth-century château, and a partially Gothic church.

The road onwards is good, usually pretty level, but undulating in places. As one passes on the way south the Loire clings on the left mile after mile, like a blue ribbon seen by glimpses through the trees, till Mesves, with mossy-roofed cottages and a barn dating from the twelfth century, is reached.

La Charité, 204 k. (125 m.), is an ancient, picturesque and historic town, with some fine timbered houses, an old stone bridge, and fortifications dating from 1364, which survived—one can scarcely imagine how — many sieges, sackings and attacks, especially in the religious wars of the sixteenth century. The Church of Ste. Croix was at one time one of the finest Romanesque basilicas in France.

The road now runs southward to Pougues-les-Eaux, following close to the Loire for a considerable distance near La Marche, where it is broken up by sandy islands covered with low, green bushes and coarse grass.

Nevers, 229 k. (140 m.), is a fine old town where a day may profitably be spent, or at least a halt of some hours be made. It was an important military station in Cæsar's time, where the Romans kept their chief stores. Some fragments of the fourteenth and even eleventh-century walls remain—chief among them the Porte de Croux, with corner turrets, the Loire gateway, the Tour Goguin, and the Tour St. Eloi.

The Palais de Justice was formerly the Ducal Palace, built in 1475 by Jean de Clamecy, Comte de Nevers. There are fine views southwards towards Moulins from the pleasant public gardens. The Cathedral of St. Cyr is on the right. At the east end is a very beautiful vaulted ambulatory of the fourteenth century outside the eastern apse of the Romanesque cathedral, dating from 1028. There is a beautiful nave, rebuilt in the twelfth century.

The church of the Cluniac Priory of St. Etienne, begun in 1063 by William I., Comte de Nevers, should be seen. There is much to interest in the older portions of the town.

As one leaves for St. Pierre-le-Moutier one should take a backward glance. The picture is a fine one, with

the cathedral rising majestically amid the old roofs and the Loire in the foreground.

St. Pierre-le-Moutier, 252 k. (154½ m.), is a beautiful old town, picturesque and ancient. It was taken in 1429 from the English by Joan of Arc. The north doorway of the church of St. Martin with its sculptures, showing our Lord in the midst of a throng of angels, should not be overlooked.

There are also some interesting fifteenth-century houses.

On the road, undulating and then level, with a good many moderate hills, to Moulins, 284 k. (174 m.), one passes timber-framed houses with dark red-brown roofs, and the villages increase in picturesque charm. Large farmhouses having huge stone barns become a feature of the landscape, and here and there one sees buildings with quaint crows' steps to the gables. Also windmills dot the fields. As one approaches Moulins one passes along a poplar-bordered road, with pretty peeps of the river Allier on the right. It was at Moulins that Lord Clarendon wrote a portion of his "History of the Great Rebellion," and here was born in 1670 James Fitz James, Duke of Berwick, a natural son of James II. Moulins stands high above the River Allier, and is a picturesque town, containing some fine old houses, portions of the chateau of the Dukes of Bourbon, a clock tower dating from 1455, a cathedral with modern nave and towers built under the direction of the famous Viollet le Duc, a beautiful choir built by Agnes de Bourgogne, dating from 1463, some fine stained glass, and a good triptych in the sacristy on the north side.

One ancient house, just behind the clock tower at the corner of the Grande Place, should be specially noted. It has a beautiful little gazebo on the roof, with elaborately carved corbels and pilasters. The remains of the Castle of the Dukes of Bourbon, now a prison, tower above the river.

The road Moulins to Varennes, 314 k. (193 m.), is good. The little town is quaintly picturesque with many old houses and overhanging eaves.



La Palisse possesses a fifteenth century chateau out of all proportion to the present-day importance of the town.

BROADCASTING BUSINESS BRIEVITIES.

*Payment out of Income—"Wireless" Insurance—New Price of "The Motor-Owner"
Mascot—Two Interesting Booklets—And Some Big Price Reductions.*

PAYMENT OUT OF INCOME.

With reference to the announcement relating to the Service Guarantee Corporation, Ltd., which appeared in our November issue, the facilities, etc., of this organisation are at the disposal of motor agents and dealers throughout the Kingdom, and are not confined to agents for "Albert" cars.

"WIRELESS" INSURANCE.

Every wireless enthusiast knows of the hundred and one risks of damage to his apparatus: Lightning, tempest, malicious damage (a common complaint in some districts), personal injury, being only a few of the dangers. Then why not insure against the risks? For the sum of 7s. 6d. per annum, the Liverpool Marine and General Insurance Co., Ltd., are issuing a special policy which covers loss of or damage to apparatus (including aerial) either by fire, burglary, house-breaking and other perils; third party damage up to £500 (any one accident) including damage to property belonging to, or under the control of, the insured. Further particulars can be obtained from the above company, at 7, Angel Court, Throgmorton Street, E.C.2.

AN INTERESTING BOOKLET.

A most compact and valuable booklet, full of interesting matter and splendid illustrations, has just been issued by the Sunbeam Motor Car Co., Ltd., concerning all their models. It is intended to convey to the reader some idea of the Moorfield Works, of the manufacturing facilities and conditions, the materials used and the plant. It deals fully with the features of Sunbeam cars, passenger and racing models, the inspection of materials and the tests to which all their cars are put. A second booklet published

by this company is entitled, "Tributes of Praise." It is a collection of extracts from letters of appreciation written by owners of Sunbeam cars.

BIG PRICE REDUCTIONS.

The 1922 Olympia will always be remembered as a value-for-money Show; and amongst the most popular of its exhibits the Citroën took a high place. Now Mr. André Citroën has found it possible to supply his cars at even cheaper prices, big reductions on all models having just come into effect. The smallest Citroën—the 7.5 h.p. 2-seater, with electric lighting and starting—now sells for £195; the 10 h.p. 4-seater for £245, and the 11.4 h.p. 4-seater for £265. The new English body models, which created great interest at Olympia, are also reduced in price—the 2-seater with dickey now being £310, and the very comfortable and distinguished 4-seater £330, while the delightful 11.4 coupé model now costs only £395.

"THE MOTOR-OWNER" MASCOT.

The price of THE MOTOR-OWNER Mascot, made and sold by Messrs. Mappin & Webb, has been reduced

from £6 6s. to £5 5s. These mascots, in bright or oxydised nickel or bronze, are vastly different from the ordinary ones of everyday commerce; they are hand-chased and finished throughout.

COMPLETE EQUIPMENT.

The price of £235 for the new 8.9 h.p. Lea Francis car does not, we understand from Messrs. Lea & Francis, Ltd., include a self-starter. This is charged extra, but otherwise the standard equipment is complete in every respect.

MOTOR SPIRIT TESTING.

Quite recently a number of prominent motoring journalists visited the engine-testing laboratory where "Shell" motor spirit is tested, and witnessed some searching tests. The primary object was to demonstrate the splendid mileage and power attributes of Shell No. 1 motor spirit. The chief reason of this, perhaps, is that the Shell Mex Co. possesses all the Borneo wells, the fuel from which contains a considerable portion of benzole. There you get non-pinking, economy and power characteristics—a kindly gift from nature. The ten miles world's record has been broken twice in a fortnight on Shell lubricating oil, the last being Count Zborowski's 115.57 m.p.h., on his eight-cylinder Ballot.

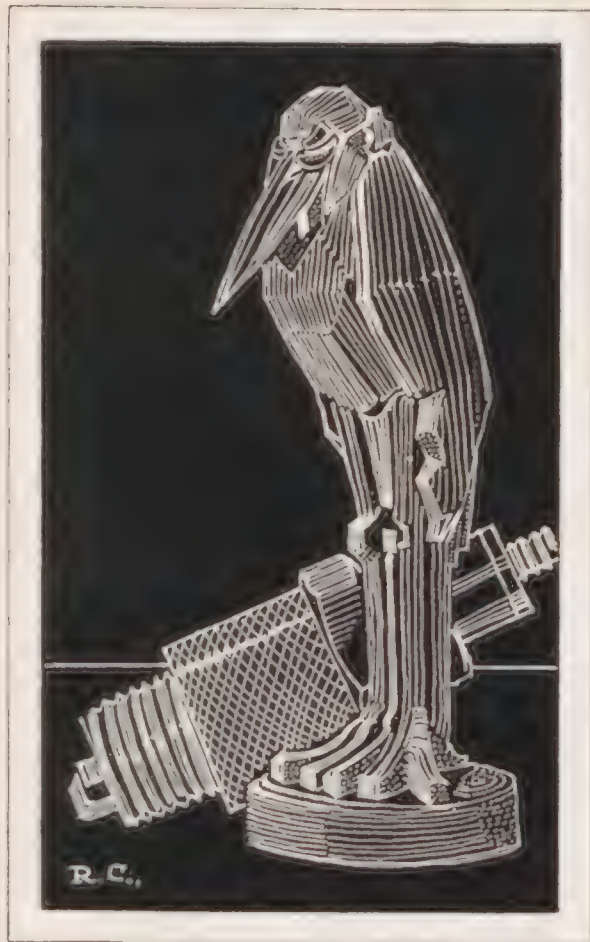
SPANISH GRAND PRIX.

One of the most interesting 1,500 cc. races in Europe was run over the course of the Grand Prix Penya Rhin at Barcelona (a total distance of 520 kilometres), on Sunday, November 5th, when K. Lee Guinness once more scored a sensational win on the famous little Talbot-Darracq racer, at an average speed of 105 kilometres per hour.



The Arrol-Johnston is an ideal owner-driver's car, and the Type "D" all-weather model illustrated above is a particularly charming model.

Oh, By The Way, - That Gadget!



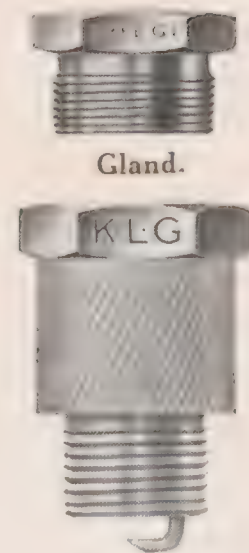
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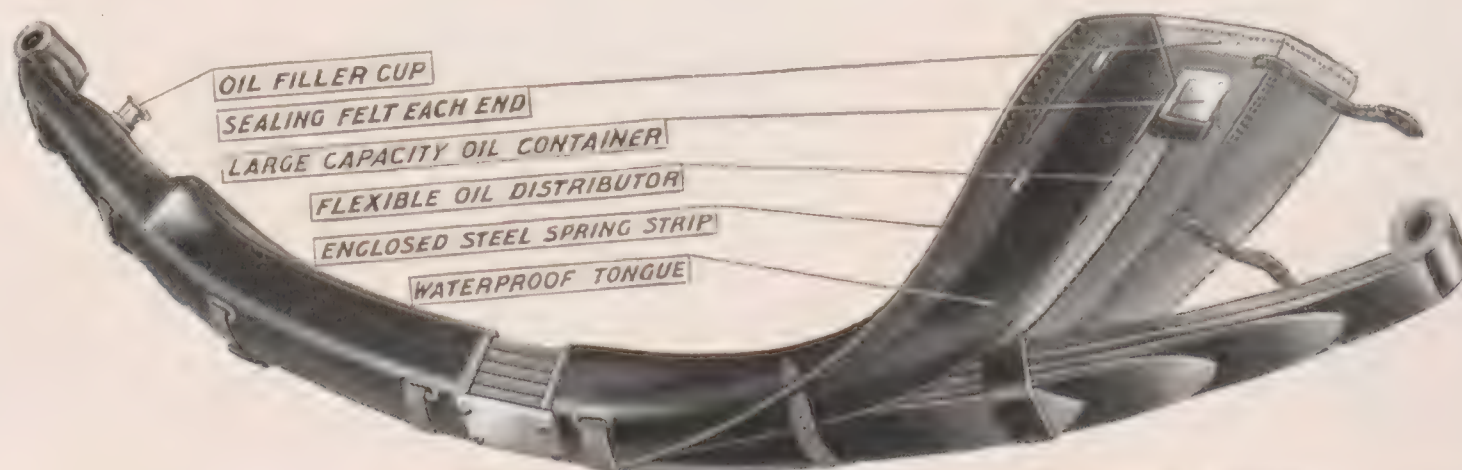
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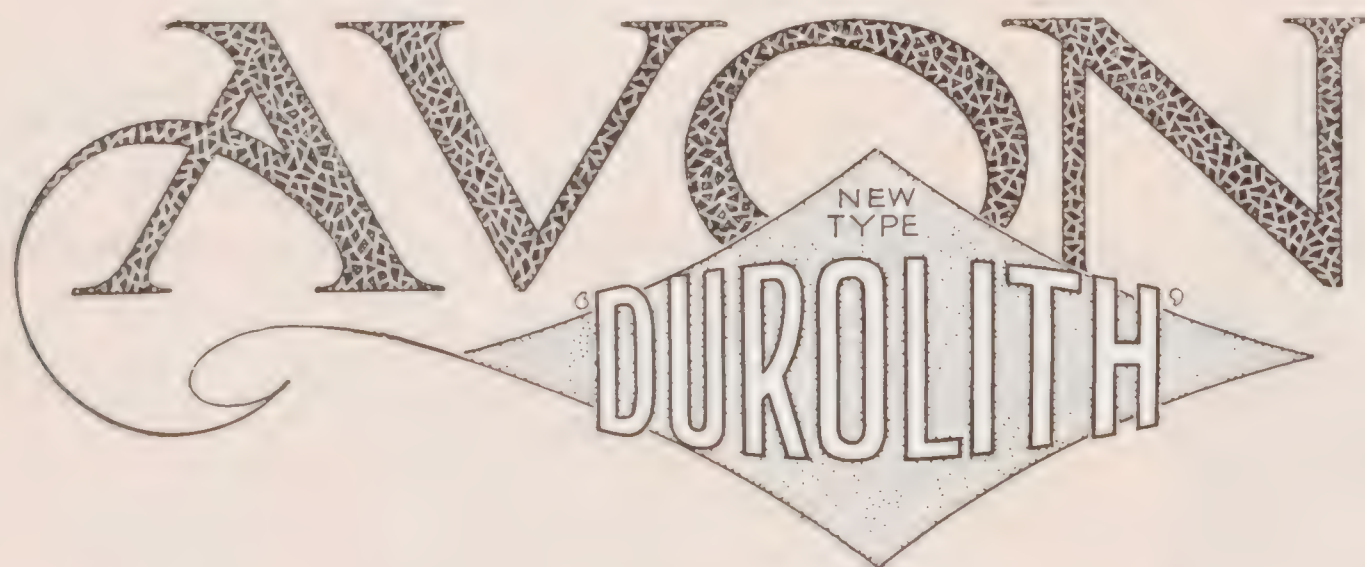
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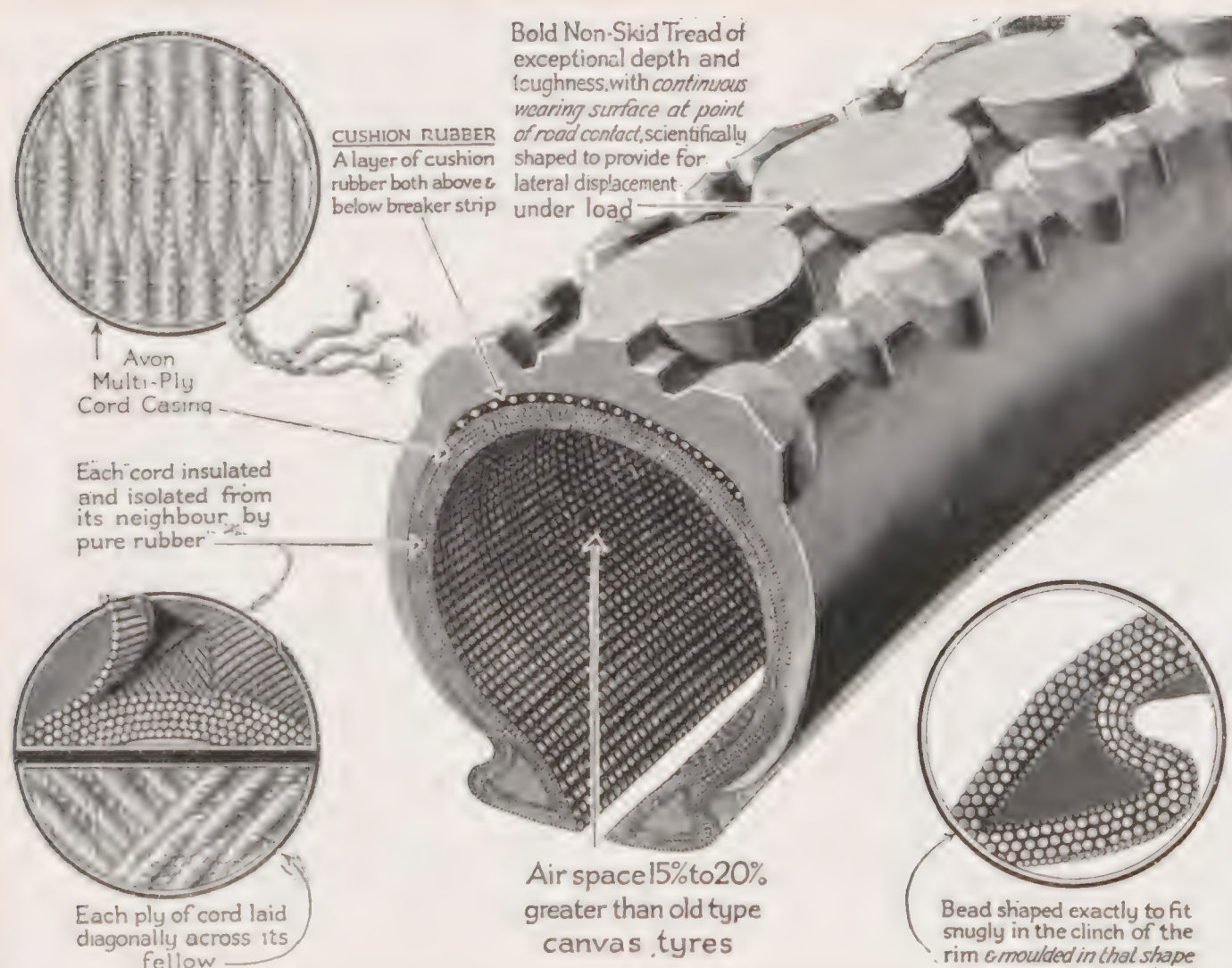
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PLAYING TO THE "GALLERY" AT OLYMPIA.

NEVER before has the fascination of those dinky little extras—accessories—been so pronounced.

At Olympia the car stands were ever packed, but the accessory section was even worse than congested—it was filled like an Enots grease-gun with a human charge. Yet everybody was happy, extremely happy. Who would not be, among those lovable gadgets? What surprised me, however, was that although everybody was hustled and shouldered about generally, tempers were never lost. In fact, I venture to think that never before in the whole history of the show were Olympiads so considerate of each other's feelings. "I'm so sorry, madam," "Excuse me!" "Oh, I hope I didn't hurt you," "I beg your pardon," were heard at every turn.

Sometimes fascination carries one too far. I was standing before a wonderful display of mascots when a pretty girl, picking out a little metal figure, exclaimed, "Oh, what a darling!" She took it up, caressed it, and but for the attendant's voice, "Only two guineas, madam," she would probably (by her attitude) have innocently walked off with it.

Then there were crowds standing before a row of sparking plugs, brilliantly sparking immediately after having been dipped in oil, wondering why on earth their own plugs would not do the same. A demonstration of a well-known gear-box grease was mistaken for a chocolate mixing machine, with the remark "Oh, look, how delicious!"

The most humorous incident of the show, however, occurred on the stand of a well-known accessory firm, the attendant on which thought his onlookers had suddenly gone mad. Everyone passing the stand burst into fits of laughter, and unaware of the reason the attendant was nearly frantic. He was on the point of exploding verbally when a young fellow pointed to two mascots on show, and when the embarrassed one looked, his face suddenly changed. A little fat policeman with outstretched hand had been moved—by a practical joker no doubt—close up to a diving nymph, and his hand was placed as if he were gently assisting the lady on her way. "Anyway," remarked the attendant, laughing, "it's attracted attention, and that's what I want."

The lifts from the gallery to the ground

floor were always busy—too busy, and too full. I happened to be standing close to one, when a North countryman came out, spluttering, "If that isn't a bit of all right! I was going down; I've been lifted out, but me top coyt has *gone* down—where's the stairs?" Directing him, the man forced his way through the crowd and was lost to sight, but in less than a couple of minutes he was back again, and during his absence the lift had ascended and descended once more, still containing his coat. It was restored to him eventually, however.

A regular feature of the show which particularly strikes me every year is the apparent interest of many visitors to the gallery in sitting and viewing for hours the activity below. One man I noticed sat in the same chair for nearly two hours, and, by his attitude, seemed prepared to stay there till "closing-time."

Isn't it wonderful how feminine knowledge in the technical details of cars has advanced. I heard a young woman talking quite soundly about the disadvantages of a particular valve design, which made me feel quite elementary, and after that, the discussion between two sedate-looking ladies on the subject of "ignition developments" reminded me that I had an appointment to keep.

On the way down from the gallery I passed a most interesting stall—it certainly was not a stand—on which the attendants, unlike most car salesmen, who naturally become so tired towards the end of the show, were always full of excitement and enthusiasm. They were selling lottery tickets in aid of the hospitals. "Here you are—£7,500. for 5s.; think of it! Pay me 5s. and you can have the car of your dreams, a cottage in the country and a pocket full of cash. What more do you want? Come on, follow the Prince's example."

No more work and no more worry,
Lie on a sofa and wait for the money.

I simply had to buy a ticket and now I'm just waiting, but I have since been pleased to learn that as a result of the physical and vocal efforts of the attendant—a stalwart ex-Guardsman—and his indefatigable staff, a very substantial sum was realised, running into hundreds of pounds.

T. R. M.

A DOUBLE PURPOSE MASCOT.

A LADY who was not a driver once remarked to us that she thought "the principal interest of motoring was in the using and choosing of the dinky little instruments." She gave vent to this opinion after vigorously sounding the horn, switching on the lights—the sun was shining brilliantly at the time—winding up the clock, ascertaining the use of the gauges, and checking the speedometer by the milestones on the road we were travelling.

Without entirely endorsing her view, we agreed that accessories undoubtedly give zest to the game; and in drawing her attention, and that also of motor-owners, to a few of the best of them, we hope to achieve the twofold object of endorsing their utility and pleasing the fair.

Let us start with headlight dippers. What a perfectly gorgeous time our beautiful friend will have with the "Duco," made by Messrs. Brown Bros., Ltd., which prevents dazzle by projecting the light ray below the eye-level of car drivers and pedestrians, at the same time retaining the full light-giving powers of the lamps for one's own direction! Retained normally in a vertical position, the headlamps

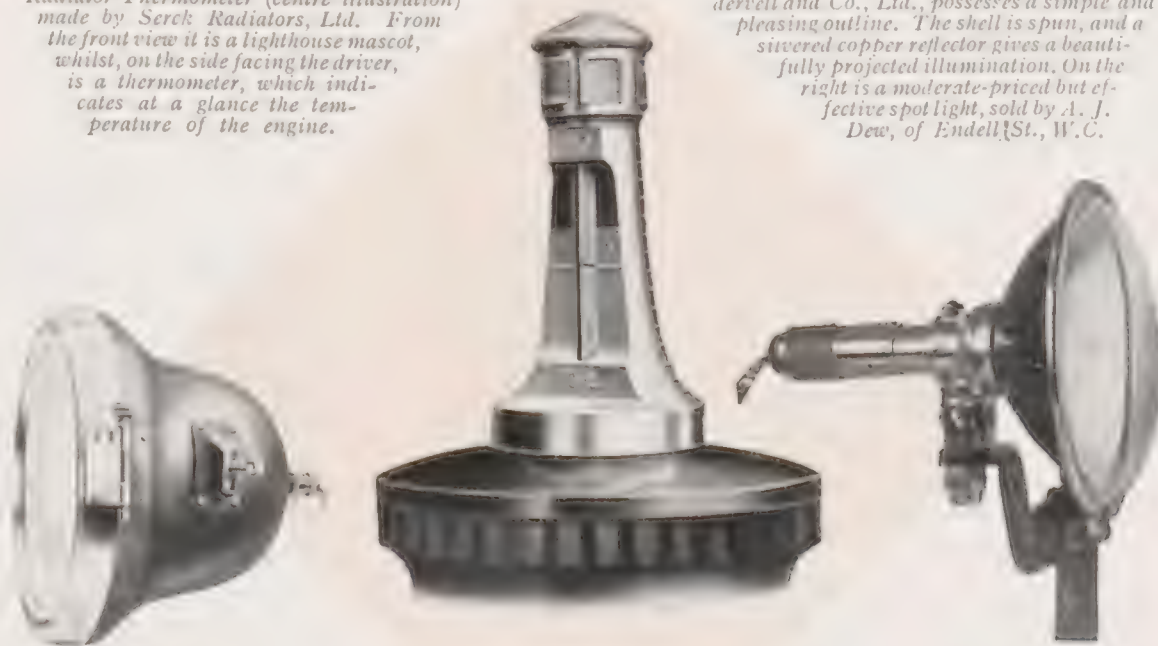
are, by a slight movement of the lever, turned downwards to an angle of approximately 15 degrees, being held in that position until the lever is again returned to normal.

Window manipulation usually devolves upon the passenger, so we shall bring to the notice of *Madame* the perfect window regulator of H. M. Hobson, Ltd. This is a mechanical device for raising and lowering windows by means of a rotating handle; the window remains in a locked position immediately the handle is released. The regulator is thus operated by one hand only, which is a great advantage over the old method requiring the employment of both hands. Since 1920, when the company introduced this regulator into England, it has met with great success, having been adopted as a standard fitting on such leading cars as Austin, Daimler, Lanchester, Sunbeam, Vauxhall, Rover, Vulcan and Overland.

You can imagine how our lady fayre will turn up her pretty nose at the mention of oils and greases, ignoring our plea that the necessity for them more than counterbalances their unpleasantness. Perhaps her distaste may be abated if we show her the ingenious patent self-locking

An instrument both artistic and useful is the Radiator Thermometer (centre illustration) made by Serck Radiators, Ltd. From the front view it is a lighthouse mascot, whilst, on the side facing the driver, is a thermometer, which indicates at a glance the temperature of the engine.

The C.A.V. Lamp, made by Messrs. C. A. Vandervell and Co., Ltd., possesses a simple and pleasing outline. The shell is spun, and a silvered copper reflector gives a beautifully projected illumination. On the right is a moderate-priced but effective spot light, sold by A. J. Dew, of Endell St., W.C.



SPARE THE SPARE AND SPOIL THE SPORT.

tap, supplied by C. C. Wakefield and Co., for fitting to barrels and drums. This has a small loose key which can be slipped in the waistcoat pocket or attached to an ordinary key-ring. The tap is designed to take a special steel wire gauze strainer which ensures the perfect cleanliness of the oil. Another interesting device of Messrs. Wakefield is a patent dustproof cover fitted to all one-gallon cans of the firm's well-known "Castrol" motor oils.

One of the most aggravating kinds of tyre failure is that due to the walls of an outer cover bursting before the tread shows signs of even approaching the end of its useful life. From this defect the tyres made by the Beldam Tyre Co. claim to be peculiarly free, and their immunity lies in the special design of the rubber treads, which have a number of V-shaped side projections which act as buttresses, with the result that a very thick tread can be provided to make contact with the road without the walls flexing along a definite line of the fabric, thereby causing localised stress and wear. Beldam tyres are made in several types, including both beaded edge and straight-sided cord pattern.

We all know the thousand and one

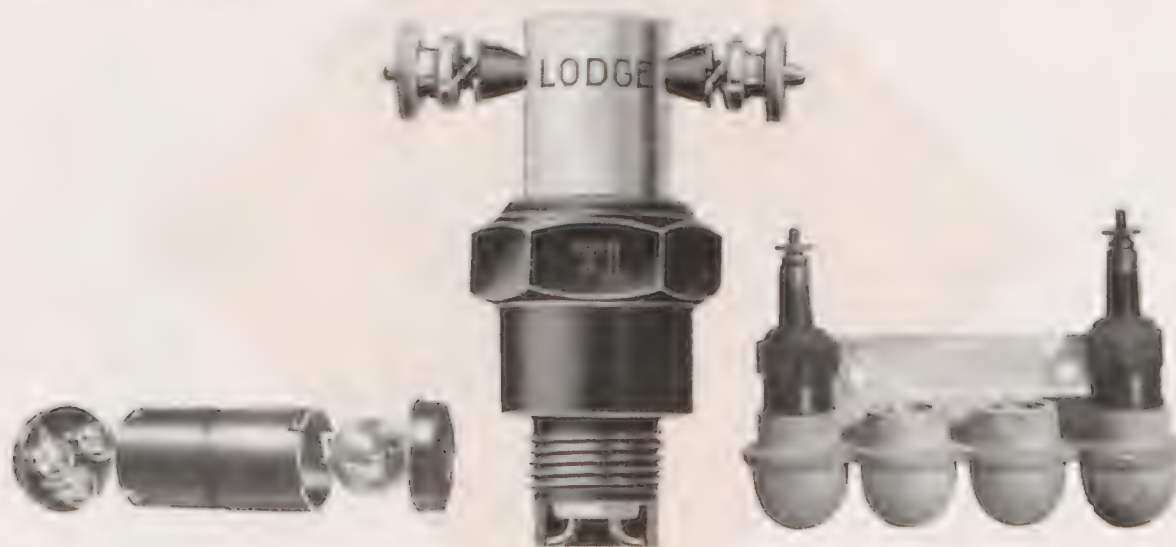
purposes for which celluloid may be employed; but whilst its utility is undoubted, the fear of inflammability has always tended to limit its sphere of usefulness. The British Cellulose and Chemical Manufacturing Co. have overcome this danger in their safety celluloid "Celastoid," which is non-flammable, and does not turn brown with exposure to light and air. Its principal use from the motoring point of view is for wind-screens and side curtains for all-weather cars. The non-flammable attributes of the material are endorsed by the London County Council, who have found it to be "practically flameproof."

"May the gears be silent" is the prayer of every motor owner, and the use of "Ambroleum," the well-known gearbox lubricant of Sterns, Ltd., is a means to that end. It "clings to the teeth," ensures the smooth running of the gears, and makes gear changing considerably easier. This firm have the slogan "Makes engines purr like pussies" to describe their large range of "Sternol" motor oils.

Sweeping reductions in the prices of their accessories have been announced by S. Smith and Sons (M.A.), Ltd. Every one of their well-known instruments and

The Lodge Plug, designed for use with dual ignition, saves the expense of a double set of plugs; and any doubt as to the safety of your spare bulbs will be dispelled by the Lucas Spare Bulb Case (left illustration), which retains the bulbs in the end covers, as

shown. A clip is supplied to hold the case securely to the woodwork—just where you fix it, and the price, complete, is 5s. 6d. On the right is illustrated a useful device for carrying spare sparking plugs, which is made by the Culson Eng. Co., of Coventry.



BOX SPANNERS FOR THE TOOL BOX.

accessories has become cheaper. Let us give a few examples. There is the "Smith" speedometer, car model, which was £6 10s., but which is now £5 15s.; the bezel wind clock, from £4 10s. to £4 4s.; and the new popular 8-day clock, from £2 17s. 6d. to £2 12s. 6d.

A few further items which will interest our lady passenger, to whom we offer our apologies for this long neglect, have been placed on the market by Munn and Underwood, Ltd., and we think they will find special favour in her eyes. These are the "Hi! Hi!" explosion whistle, the "Laurel" stepboard luggage carrier, and the "Laurel" petrol-can box. The whistle is supplied with three types of adapters, to make it suitable for various engines; while the two brackets of the luggage carrier can be fixed on the stepboard at any distance apart.

An extremely ingenious accessory, in the form of a meter, suitable for any dashboard, which registers the miles to the gallon of petrol consumed, is the "Milegal" meter. It is extremely simple in construction, cannot get out of order, and is suitable for gravity, vacuum, or pressure-fed cars. It is easily fitted to the dashboard, and forms a connecting

link between the tank and the carburetter. By another very ingenious device—viz., a three-way tap, which is supplied complete with meter at the low figure of £3 10s.—you control the supply of petrol. The dial on which the hand moves, indicating the miles to the gallon, is white vitreous enamel on copper, and is 3½ in. in diameter. This instrument, made by the Milegal Meter Co., of Birmingham, gives a fascinating and continuous interest to driving, and is a reliable means of checking from day to day the performance of your car. In cases where a car is used daily the cost of the meter would be repaid three or four times a year.

The inventors of accessories have been particularly energetic in recent times, and many of the little luxuries they have introduced will be regarded as necessities before long.

For example, there are the clever devices for keeping windscreens clear of rain-drops or snowflakes. We have all wanted such things for years, but it is only recently that practical inventors have provided them.

One of the neatest is known as the "Eveready Automatic Windshield Cleaner," and is retailed by Messrs. Shaw

The centre illustration shows the leather "Parcel-pocket," made by Messrs. Dunhill and Co., Ltd. It is 16 in. by 11 in., and contains one large and two small pockets. It is made with two clips, enabling it to be fixed to any part of the car, and is priced at 25s. The box spanner

(illustrated on the left) supplied by Messrs. Runbaken, of Cheetwood Lane, Manchester, is particularly useful where sparking plugs are concerned. The Terry "Auto Xtra" air valve on the right is designed to give the finishing touch to carburetter adjustment.



THE LUGGAGE QUESTION.

and Kilburn, Ltd., 112, Wardour Street, W., and other leading accessory firms. The device consists of a small arm carrying a strip of rubber which cleans the glass at every stroke. The arm is driven by a beautifully-finished little vacuum bellows motor connected by a flexible tube to the inlet manifold of a car. It is actuated by suction, or more correctly by the difference between atmospheric pressure and the partial vacuum produced by the descending pistons during the inlet strokes. The entire apparatus is marvellously simple, weighs only 2½ lb. and costs 50s.

It can be fitted in a few minutes, and when fixed can be made to operate whenever the engine is running. The arm swings backwards and forwards across the glass screen with the regularity of a clock pendulum, and its speed can be regulated. Even if one is driving against a rain-storm, the glass screen will remain perfectly clear when the little cleaner is in action.

The fitment is particularly valuable to the motor-owner who uses an interior-drive car, and it should be regarded as a necessity by all-weather drivers.

Another useful device is the "Gemmy" carburetter flooder which consists of a

small electro-magnet placed over the float chamber. It is sold by Messrs. G. T. Riches and Co., Ltd., 19, Store Street, W.C.1. The magnet is connected with any accumulator, or with a small dry battery. A switch is fixed to the dashboard, and when this is pressed the little electro-magnet raises the carburetter needle. Thus the driver can flood his carburetter without having to raise the bonnet. If a self-starter is fitted, this little device will save the batteries and starting motor a lot of hard work. It costs 25s., and can be fitted in a few minutes by any motorist.

Petrol gauges on the dashboard will probably be regarded as an essential some day. Nobody can regard a gauge as correctly placed if it cannot be seen by the driver when he is at the wheel. A very neat petrol indicator is the "Enots," made specially for Morris cars by Messrs. Benton and Stone, Ltd., of Enots Works, Birmingham. It can be fitted by any owner-driver, and costs only 10s. 6d. The visible portion is a glass tube in which a column of petrol shows the exact quantity in the tank. The tube is practically unbreakable, but should it be broken by any mischance, a screw-down

The Laurel stepboard luggage carrier (centre illustration) supplied by Messrs. Munn and Underwood, Ltd., has two brackets which can be fixed on the stepboard at any distance apart, making them adjustable to suit any

desired size. Left and right are illustrated the Dunhill Glove. As will be seen, they differ from the ordinary mitt type in having two flaps through which a single finger, or whole hand, may be quickly protruded.



A GOOD PUMP SAVES BAD LANGUAGE.

valve cuts out the gauge so that no fuel is lost.

All practical motorists know that they could save many pounds a year if they made their own tyre repairs with a vulcaniser, but most of them continue to waste money because they do not care to face the original outlay of capital on an elaborate vulcanising plant. These will have no excuse in future, for the always enterprising Messrs. Harvey Frost and Co., Ltd., of 148-150, Great Portland Street, London, W.1. have produced what they call the "H. F. Tredkure" outfit, at the price of 5s. 9d. With this it is possible to cure permanently any small wounds in outer covers. They also make the H.F. "Jiffy" vulcaniser for inner tubes. This costs 32s. 6d., and it is, perhaps the neatest little instrument of its kind ever produced. The necessary heat is produced by burning a lozenge which is placed in the instrument, and there is a most ingenious little thermostat which removes the source of heat from the vulcanising plate when the temperature has reached the desired point. The "Jiffy" outfit is so small that it can be carried as easily as a puncture repairing set, and most motorists would find that it would pay for itself in a few months.

New tools for motorists are constantly being introduced, and many of them are so fascinating that they make the owner-driver desire to have something to adjust in order to have the pleasure of handling these cunningly-devised instruments. The new Lucas "Girder" wrench, made by Messrs. Joseph Lucas, of Birmingham, is an example. It has a patented pipe-grip attachment with a serrated surface, so that it will grip tubes, bars, or any piece of metal which has no facets which give the ordinary spanner a grip. The attachment can be thrown out of action when not required, and the "Girder" wrench then becomes an ordinary adjustable spanner for bolts and nuts. The "Girder Minor" can be carried in the waistcoat pocket, and is useful for small adjustments. The larger sizes are useful tools to be added to the kit. Another fascinating little tool is the Lucas pocket screwdriver, made like a propeller-type pencil, and intended for the waistcoat pocket.

An extremely useful little instrument is the "Sunbeam" Plug Tester, made by

the London Motor Supplies Co., of 1, London Road, Twickenham. It consists of a vulcanite tube with a small window. If one end is applied to a plug when the engine is running orange flashes may be seen through the window. By following the instructions of the makers this test will show at once if a plug is sparking evenly, whether it is giving a spark of full intensity, or a weak spark; or, if it is not giving a spark, the tester will show exactly where the fault lies.

A combination of the artistic with the useful is an ideal we all keep before us, and Serck Radiators, Ltd., have produced in their Radiator Thermometer an instrument which combines both essentials. From the front view it is a lighthouse mascot, whilst on the side facing the driver there is a tube of quicksilver, and a dial marked "hot," "O.K." and "Cool," which indicates at a glance the temperature of the engine. Its price is 10s. 6d.

By an unfortunate error, the advertisement of the Serck Coffee Percolator in the November Accessory Supplement ascribed its manufacture to Messrs. Serck Radiators, Ltd., of Warwick Road, Greet, Birmingham; whereas the makers are Messrs. The Serck Coffee Industries, of the same address. We take this opportunity of referring to the many advantages of this percolator. It solves the objections which have kept coffee from becoming one of the universal beverages of this country. Very few people ever master the art of preparing good coffee, and the function of the Serck Coffee Percolator is to separate the good from the bad in the drink. The liquid percolates through a tasteless metal screen, leaving behind the tannic acids so injurious to health, while still retaining the aromatic oils; and the result is the delicious velvety flavour so typical of the correctly made product.

Hundreds, or one might say thousands, of equally clever devices are being produced by accessory makers. They appeal to us all, for though we do not buy new cars very frequently, there is always some little addition to the pleasure of motoring regarded to-day as luxuries, and to-morrow as necessities. And now for a time we will leave the subject of accessories with—as W. S. Gilbert wrote of an entirely different matter—"the pleasure without measure, of the fascinating feeling that our duty has been done."



THE KLAXON "TIGER"

BY lightly touching the Klaxon push button, a short, deep-toned blast is produced. This is known as the Klaxon "Tiger."

ONE "TIGER" is more effective than a dozen nagging "honks" of the bulb-horn; yet it makes less actual noise. In an emergency it alone can meet the situation.

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to render the Motorist un-
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Petrol burns with alarming rapidity.
To prevent disaster and save yourself from
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Fire Extinguisher to your car and get the
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Three hundred skilled agents throughout
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PUREST & BEST ACID
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NEW PRICE
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It will Lighten Your Troubles

THE LUCAS INSPECTION LAMP
is particularly convenient to use, the
cable being retained on a reel in the body of
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Whose Lighting and Starting Set is fitted?

The quality Car *must* be fitted with an equipment that is in every way its equal in reliability and efficiency

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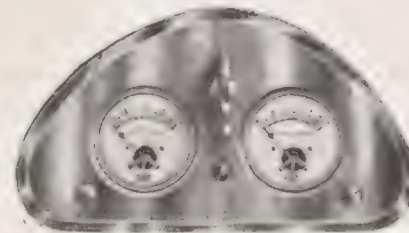
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Rotax

"K" type Hd Lamp



Rotax F.T.I. Type Switchboard

To Motor Owners desiring to fit their Cars with a Rotax Lighting and Starting Set, we offer Equipments suitable for any make or H.P. of Car. Below we give two representative sets, suitable for cars up to 15-20 H.P. Your requirements shall receive our personal attention.

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For Cars of 15/20 H.P.

EQUIPMENT "D3"		Nickel Plated	
Cat. No.		£	s. d.
3222	A.T.30 Dynamo, 6 volt 9/10 amp. ...	8	0 0
2603	6 volt 44 amp. Battery ...	3	8 6
3530	F.T.18 Switchboard with Ammeter, Dimmer and Cut-out ...	2	14 6
502	1 pair Head Lamps (diam. of glass, 6½ ins.)	5	7 6
371	1 pair Side Lamps ...	1	15 0
215	1 only Tail Lamp ...	0	11 6
		£21	17 0

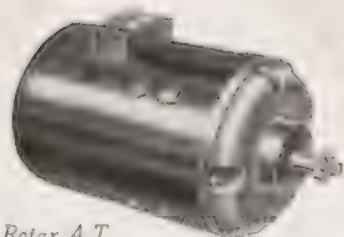
EXTRAS		£	s. d.
Accumulator Box, Unpolished Teak	1	2	0
Fitting Materials, viz.—Cables, Pulleys, Belting, etc.	3	4	6
Fitting Charge at Willesden, Taunton, Manchester and Birmingham Service Depots, according to Vehicle	from	5	5 0

EQUIPMENT "G3"		Nickel Plated	
Cat. No.		£	s. d.
2950	A.T.4 Dynamo, 12 volt 10 amp. ...	9	10 0
3081	M.F.I.L. Starter ...	11	11 0
2588	12 volt 44 a.h. Battery ...	6	10 6
3534	F.T.13 Switchboard with Ammeter and Dimmer ...	2	12 0
3002	F type Cut-out ...	1	5 0
3013	Starter Switch ...	0	17 6
363	1 pair Head Lamps (diam. of glass, 7 in.)	5	12 0
371	1 pair Side Lamps ...	1	15 0
380	1 only Tail Lamp ...	0	16 0
		£40	9 0

LIGHTING AND STARTING SET

For Cars of 15/20 H.P.

EXTRAS		£	s. d.
Accumulator Box, Unpolished Teak	1	16	6
Fitting Materials, viz. Cables, Pulleys, Belting, etc., less Gear Ring for Flywheel	6	2	6
Cut Gear Ring for Flywheel approx.	8	8	0
Fitting Charge at Willesden, Taunton, Manchester & Birmingham Service Depots, according to Vehicle	...	8	8 0



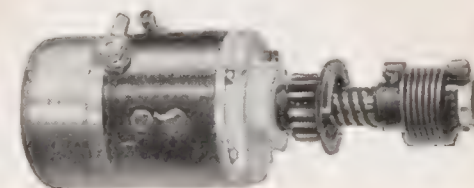
Rotax A.T. type Dynamo

Write for Folder "E" to
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SEE the Important New Features which effect a decided improvement in this, the Gaiter always associated with high quality the patented channel ensuring a free supply of oil the full length of the spring, and the one piece wicking effectively distributing lubricant over the whole surface of the spring leaves.

OIL FEED SOLID BRASS OILCAPS NICKELLED OR BLACK OXYDISED.

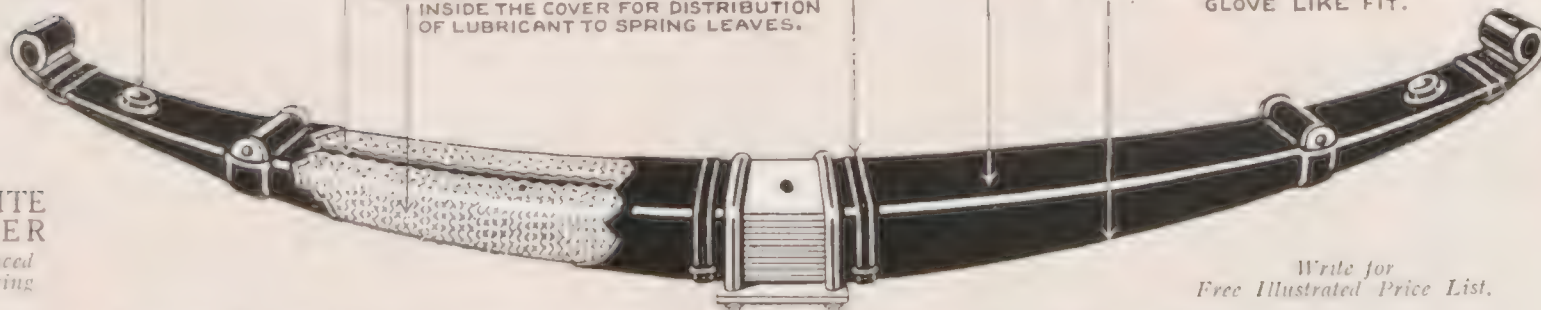
STRAPS SECURELY SEALING EACH END OF GAITER.

OIL CONVEYOR CHANNEL FROM OILCAP RUNNING FULL LENGTH OF SPRING.

OUTER COVER BEST QUALITY OIL DRESSED LEATHER.

LUBRICATING DEVICE COTTON WICKING INSIDE THE COVER FOR DISTRIBUTION OF LUBRICANT TO SPRING LEAVES.

FITTING NEATLY LACED UNDERNEATH THE SPRING ENSURING A GLOVE LIKE FIT.



RAMSDEN'S GRAPHITE GREASE GAITER
Specially produced at a reduced cost for those preferring grease as lubricant.

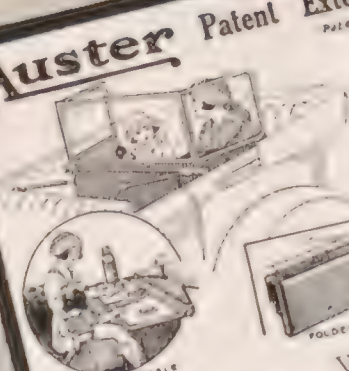
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There are Auster Models for all cars.
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"Bind your Springs" with
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Springs *must* be protected if their qualities are to be retained. Auster Spring Puttees give this protection, but where they are *unique* is in also *binding* the springs, thus *killing* "rebound." Price per Complete Outfit, 30/-.
Special Ford and Cycle Car Outfit, 20/-.
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What of the driver and front seat passenger? Surely they deserve as effective protection as the rear seat passengers? This is provided for by Auster Auxiliary Wings.

The Driving Mirror that adds 50% to the Comfort and Appearance of the Wind Shield.

Price per pair, plain, £4 10s. With independently adjustable driving mirror, £5.

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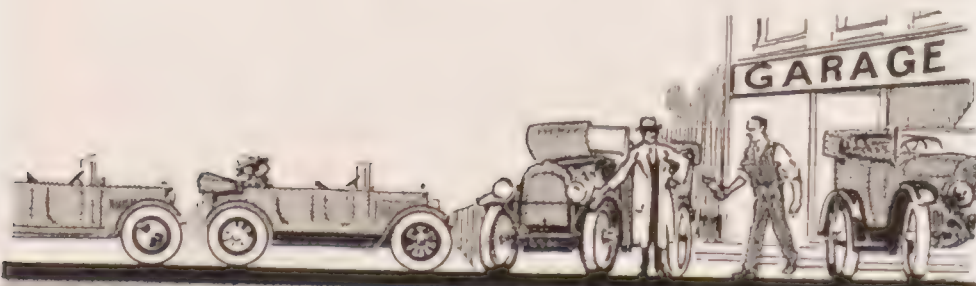
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MASCOTS

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Pol. br. „	2	7	6
Large size S.P.	4	4	0
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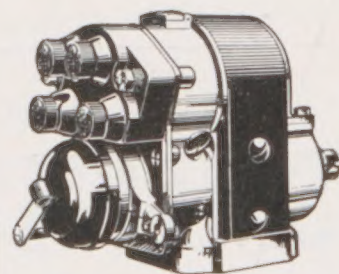
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Telegraphic Address: "QUINKUL, EUSROAD, LONDON."

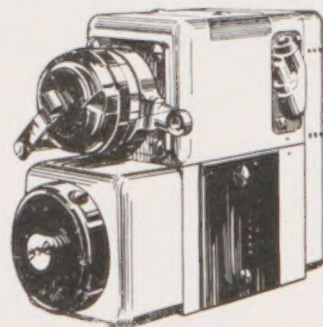
Telephone: MAYFAIR 7071.



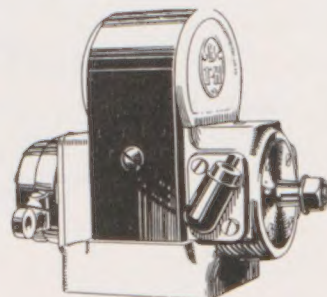
Generator Sets for Car Lighting



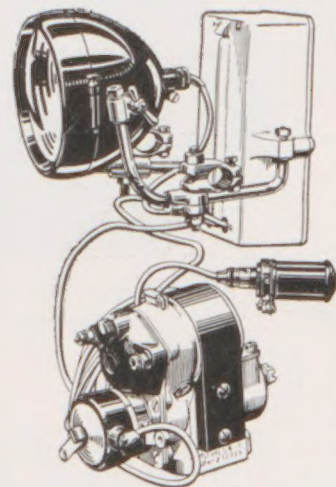
Car Magnetos—Type G



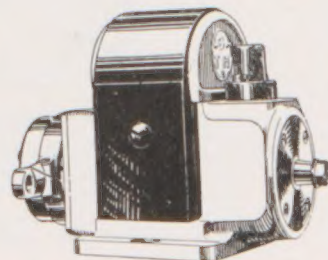
Mag-generators for Combined Ignition and Lighting Sets



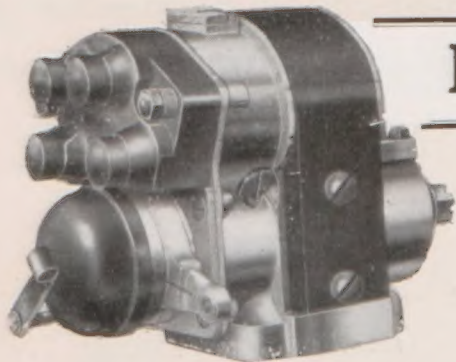
Type K. Magnetos for Light Cars



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Two miles flying start—one lap flying.

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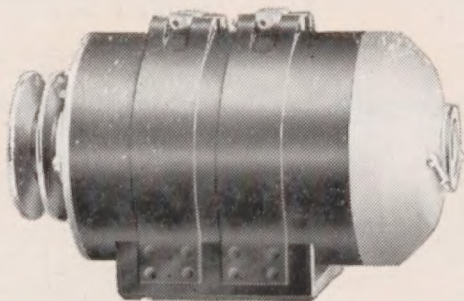
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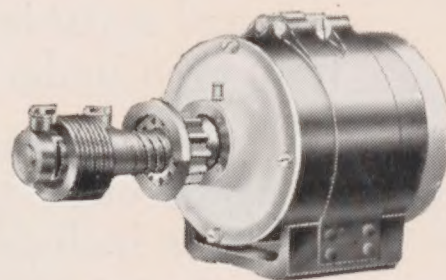
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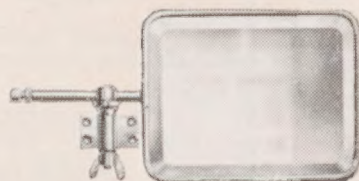
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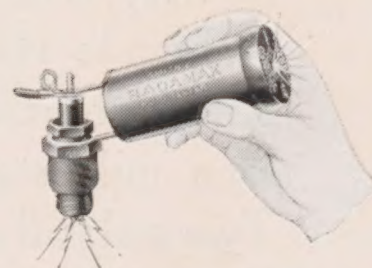
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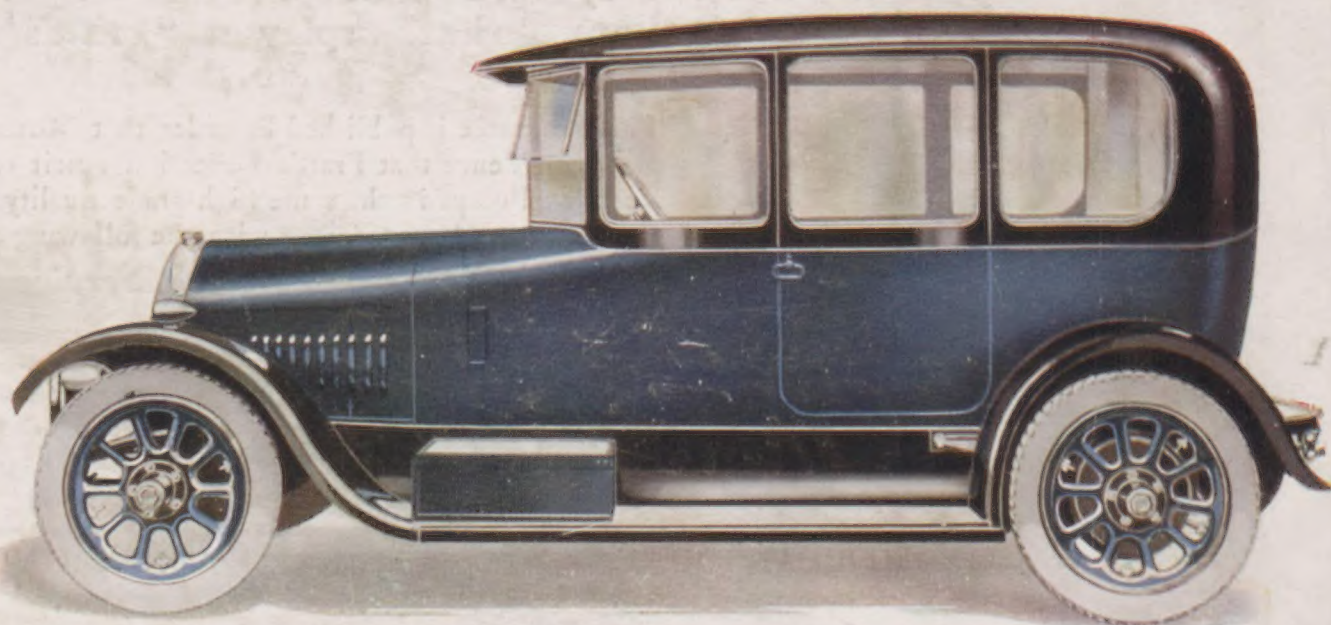
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